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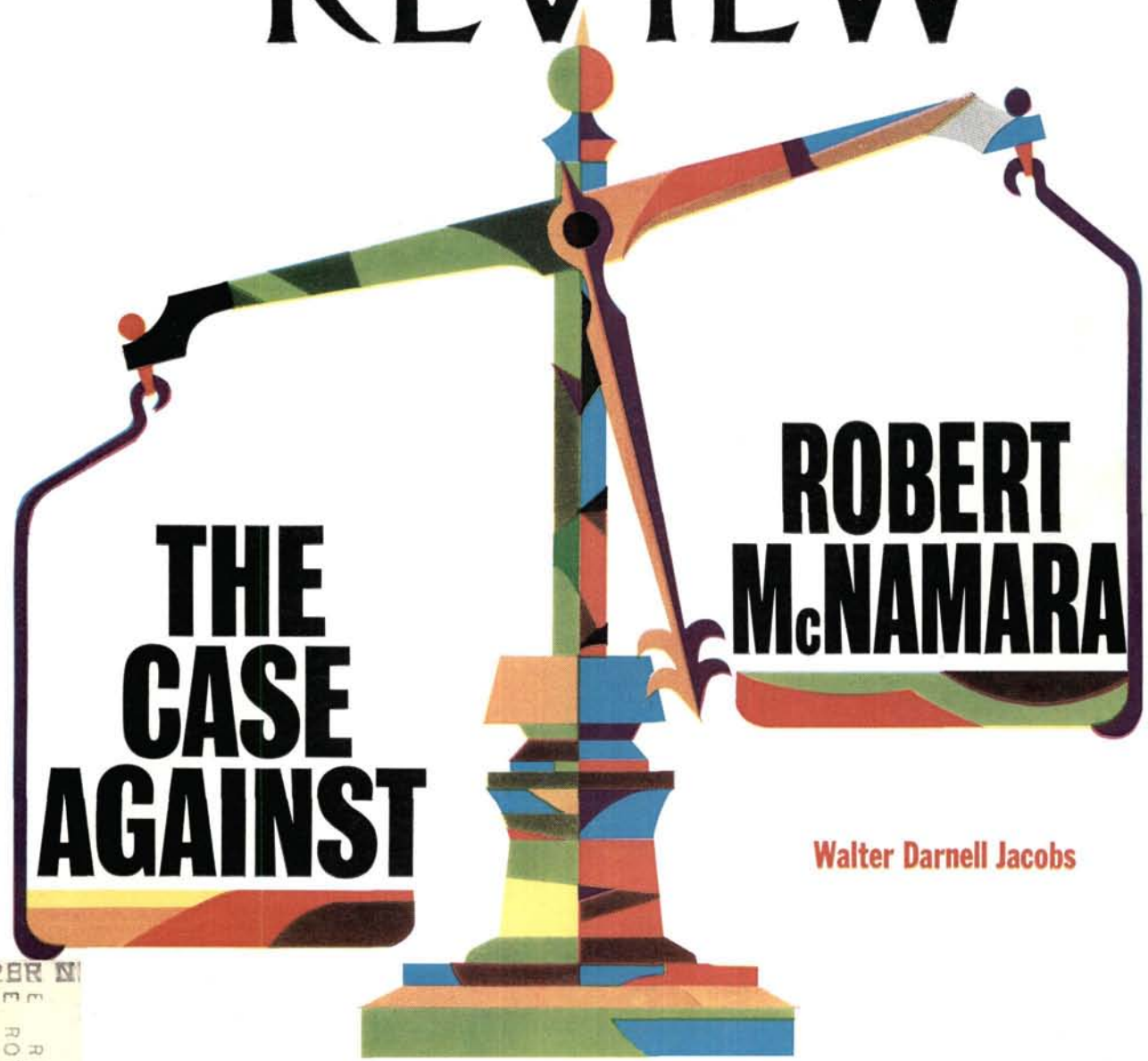
FEBRUARY 21, 1967

m. F. Buckley Jr. on Barry Goldwater — see page 184

NATIONAL REVIEW



THE CASE AGAINST ROBERT McNAMARA

Walter Darnell Jacobs

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Also In This Issue:

BURNHAM ASKS: WHAT ABOUT THE ANTI-MISSILE SYSTEM? ♦ KIRK
ON CITIES AND HIGHWAYS AND WHICH SHOULD COME FIRST ♦ C. H.
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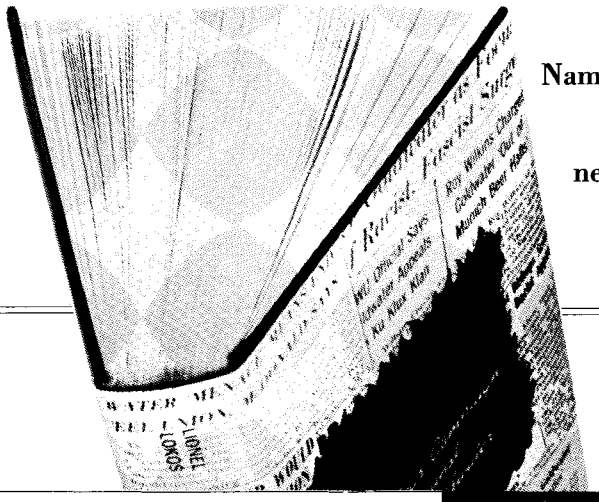


Names the *people* . . . the *newspapers* . . . *magazines* . . . *networks* that carried out a strategy of lies, news distortion and news suppression — the better to spread hysteria throughout our country!

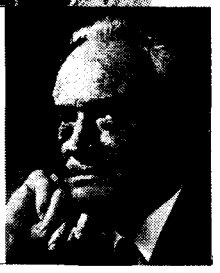
HYSTERIA 1964

The Fear Campaign Against Barry Goldwater

by Lionel Lokos. A Selection of the Conservative Book Club

"This is the type of work that I have been hoping someone would write about the campaign and I hope it is not the end . . . Mr. Lokos has done a superb job of research and presentation and you are to be congratulated for bringing this book out."

Barry Goldwater



EVERY CONSERVATIVE knows, from his own aching experience, the deliberate lies that engulfed Barry Goldwater in 1964. So does Lionel Lokos (author of *Who Promoted Peress?*). But in 1964 Lokos did more than look on in outrage. He kept voluminous files before and during the campaign. With mounting fury, he watched the Liberal hatchetmen slant, suppress, twist, bury, lie. Millions of Americans were gulled.

It is too late to undo that debacle. But Lionel Lokos is determined at least to show *how* it happened: how a decent man and a great patriot was transformed into a monster by the "respectable" media. Here's just a hint of the smears that Lokos exposes:

- **The radio program that predicted that Goldwater as President would postpone the next Presidential election.**
- **Goldwater plans a vacation in the Bavarian Alps — and the Liberal press reports it as a neo-Nazi plot.**
- **The New York newspaper that prints all the news that fits . . . and therefore keeps silent about news favorable to Goldwater.**
- **LBJ's spokesman charges that Goldwater victory would bring sinking of American merchant marine.**
- **Liberals in never-never land: the charge that a Goldwater victory would mean forced labor camps in the U.S.**
- **The CBS report that Goldwater denounced as "the damnedest lie I ever heard."**
- **Rockefeller and Scranton cut up Goldwater. Barry's grim remark about their tactics.**
- **Goldwater's moving speech in support of his vote against the Civil Rights Bill of 1964.**
- **"A Diary of Defamation": day by day through the muck.**
- **Irresponsible fantasies in print — by Lippman, Pearson, many others.**
- **Disgraceful tactics of Look, Life, Newsweek, Time and the NBC, CBS and ABC networks.**
- **The hoax about NATO Commanders getting the right to fire nuclear weapons — authority which they already had!**
- **Goldwater's own interpretation of his statement on "extremism."**
- **The Left's greatest propaganda triumph: how they made a travesty of Goldwater's position on nuclear strategy.**
- **SNCC's John Lewis threatens the South with violence, but the Times writes of his "gentle army."**

Risk-Free Examination

Hysteria 1964 is a tribute to the author. It took uncommon courage to write this book. Lionel Lokos works for WQXR, the radio station owned by the *New York Times*, and Mr. Lokos dares to speak out against the policies of his own boss. How many of us, conservative or otherwise, would have the guts of this man?

Demands are growing to do something about dishonest press and TV coverage. The prejudices of the network commentators came through again on election night last November. Now in *Hysteria 1964*, Lionel Lokos has given us a case history of the way the Establishment manipulates facts in the service of its ideology. *Hysteria 1964* gives us a weapon we'll need in 1968 — to ward off 1984.

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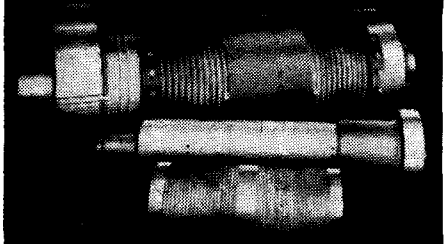

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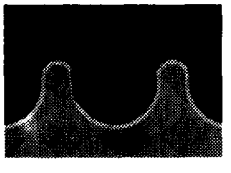

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VOL. XIX No. 7

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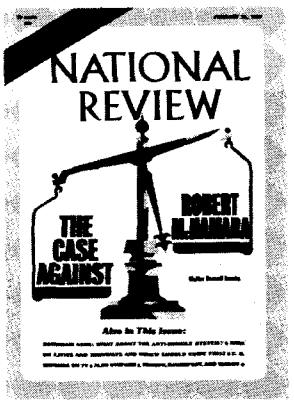
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ The passions inflamed by **James Burnham**'s "Why Do They Hate McNamara?" (*NR*, Nov. 15, 1966)—the reader response was one of the most monumental in our history—will very likely take new heat from the further discussion, in this issue, of the SecDef's usefulness to this country. Professor **Walter Darnell Jacobs** of the University of Maryland, who is a noted authority on East-West affairs, compiles the Case Against McNamara, a wide-ranging catalogue which adds up to a total picture of a disabled America; while Major **George Fielding Eliot,** a ranking military analyst and author of over a dozen books on strategy, concentrates on the single issue of civilian overlordship on the battlefield. The last Administration that took a notion to run a war, Major Eliot points out, was that of James Madison in 1812, which managed to save a few napkin rings from the flames during the retreat from Washington. On another page, James Burnham deals with Professor Jacobs' onslaught in terms of his original thesis, which is that McNamara is not being judged, but in most cases is being prejudged in accordance with the preferred political outlook of his critics. Undoubtedly to be continued.

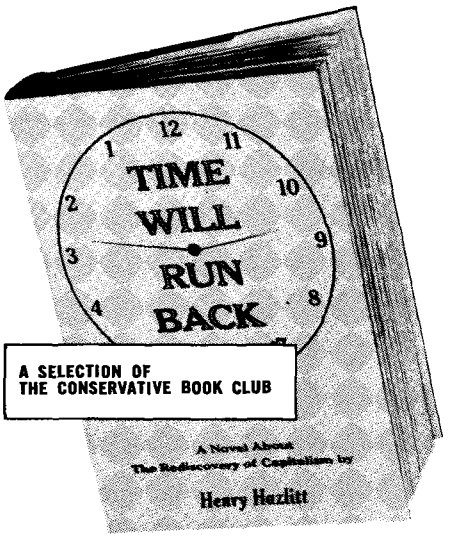


➔ Few women—Mary Petty and Helen Hokinson come sparsely to mind—have succeeded in the field of cartoonism. Now add **Mary Gauerke,** an uninhibited lady who, happily for us clean-cut types, has a thing on the shaggy set. We give her room, starting on p. 199.

➔ En route to the Pacific, New Zealand and Vietnam, **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** stopped over in Arizona to see Senator Goldwater, and took a trip in a plane. . . . The Bureau of Public Roads, paid by the Federal Government, is one of the wrecking crews that must share the blame for the devastation of public landmarks. **Russell Kirk** tells what is happening in Philadelphia and New Orleans. . . . **Alec Waugh** remarks on the astounding worldwide popularity of cricket, apparently the choicest fruit of British colonialism.

➔ Two outstanding new works of cultural commentary highlight the book section, one by the singular thinker Eric Hoffer, and one by *NR*'s dynamic contributor, William Schlamm. **Arnold W. Green,** who wrote *Recreation, Leisure and Politics* (1964), reviews Hoffer, while **Stephen J. Tonsor,** who teaches intellectual history at the University of Michigan, takes on Mr. Schlamm's book, published in Germany. . . . **Guy Davenport** (Department of English, Haverford College) writes absorbingly of three new novels. . . . **C. H. Simonds,** lately of Boone County, Missouri, now watches TV from New York City, where there are nine channels (one NET, two UHF) and one can, as they say in Chekhov, go mad in such a climate. Simonds, well along in the Second Season, is keeping his head. ➔

Long after 1984...
How Capitalism is Rediscovered
After Communism Has Won the World



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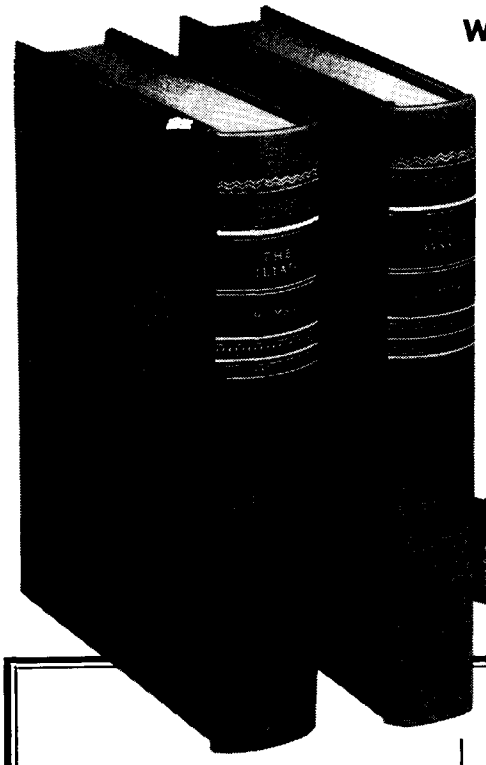

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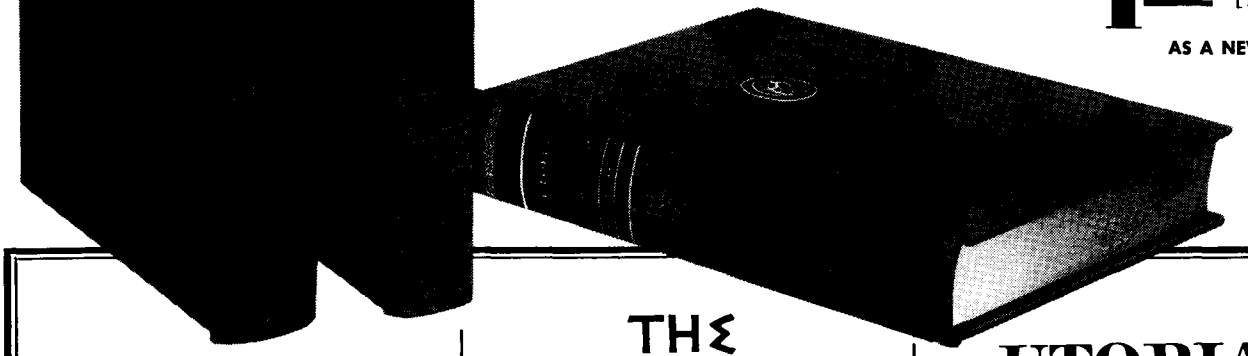

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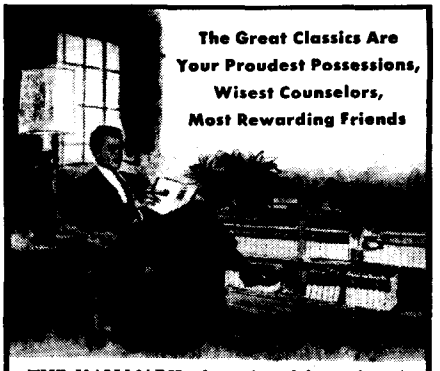

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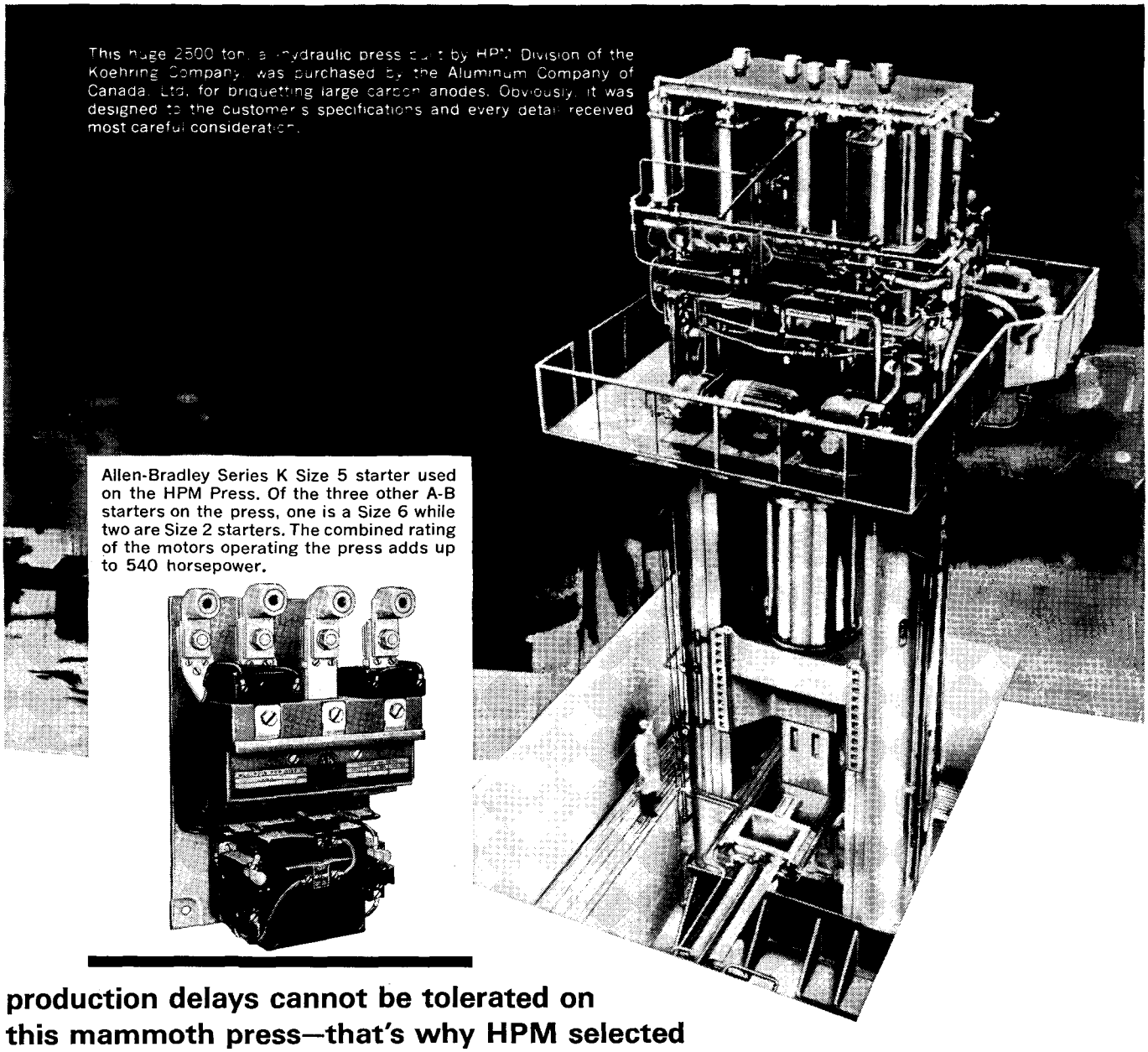

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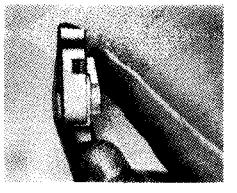

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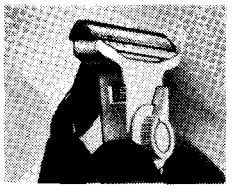

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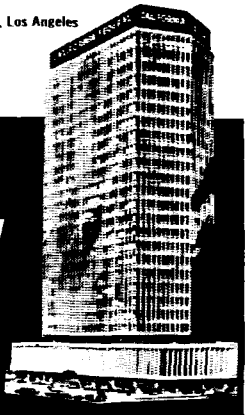

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LETTERS

Aloise B. Heath

We were terribly grieved to read of the loss of Aloise Heath [Feb. 7]. Her Christmas articles have always been a joy to anticipate and read each year even though we share only 50 per cent of her experience (five children, Episcopalians). Our deepest sympathy.

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD K. CLARK
Kensington, Md.

I wept when I read about Aloise B. Heath. I give my copies of NATIONAL REVIEW away as fast as I read them, but I remember everything she wrote.
Charlestown, W. Va. ELIZABETH GEARY

Frank Chodorov

Your article, "The Death of a Teacher: Frank Chodorov, RIP," was commendable [Jan. 24]. He was the greatest exponent of the Socratic Method in teaching economics I have ever met. In addressing the faculty of the Henry George School of Social Science one evening, he made a tirade in favor of the tariff. I arose and blasted him, saying that free trade was preferable over the system created by the pirates at Tarifa in Andalusia. In the midst of my presentation I looked at the then head of the School and noticed a slight twinkle in his eyes. I immediately realized he had skilfully baited me into a debate. I stopped talking and sat down at once and we all had a big laugh. As the French say, "*il m'a eu*" but I could not complain because he handled the matter with the finesse of a true scholar.
San Luis Obispo, Cal. JOSEPH MANFRINI

The Anti-Communist Left

Max Geltman's piece, "The Decline of the Anti-Communist Left" [January 24], deals with a central theme of U.S. intellectual history in the last 35 years. The meaning of this history, he says, is that our authentically liberal intellectual community—and Mr. Geltman always takes the word *liberal* to mean *idealistic*—is bent on self-destruction. The old anti-Communist Left is committing suicide by embracing the Communists themselves. Why? "Because of a death-crisis induced by a hypnotic fear of death from fall-out, from noxious chemicals, and from war."

It is a hard thing to admit, but the barebones truth about this nuclear age is that we can't afford to be footloose idealists anymore. When the American people decided that they would not build fall-out shelters in their backyards a few years ago, they also decided, implicitly, that major wars are impossible. And logically if man's command of absolute weapons makes all-out war unthinkable as an act of rational choice, then intellectuals must beware of becoming possessed of all-out ideas of political right and wrong.
Washington, D.C. ASHER BRYNES

It seems to me that rapping the anti-Communist Left is not a Number One priority for conservative intellectuals. I respectfully submit that a greater priority will be served when the Geltmans abandon their studies long enough to take a hard look at the effectiveness of the conservative rank and file within the anti-Communist movement.
New York, N.Y. ROBERT R. RICHARDSON

Pearl Harbor

In as much as I have just had a letter from Percy L. Greaves stating that he was about to leave for a long lecture trip to the Southwest, he may not have seen the letter by Joseph W. Ballantine in your issue of January 10, and I believe that it should not be left unanswered.

(Continued on p. 217)

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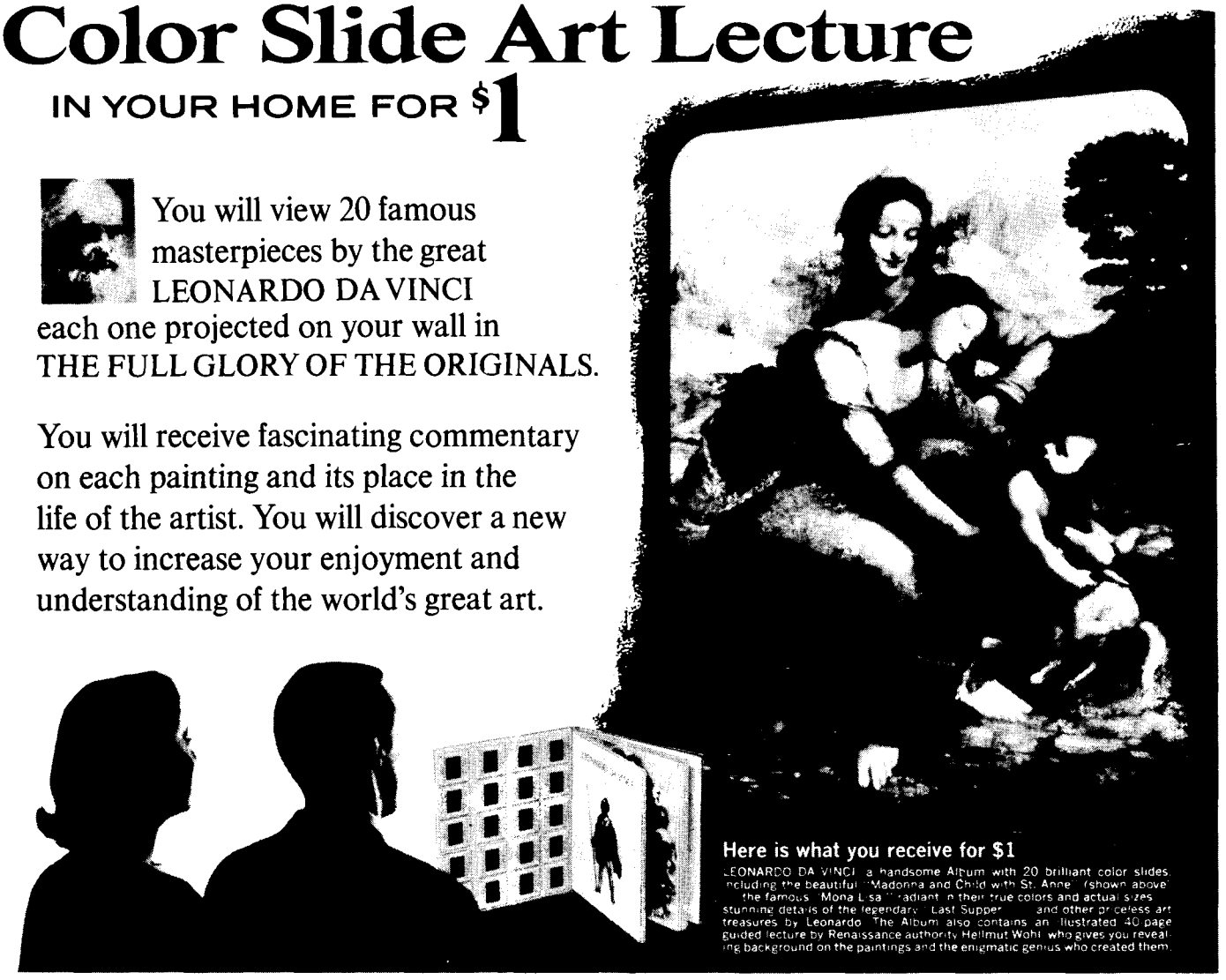

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The WEEK

● In Manhattan, on signboards, fences and vacant walls all over the city, someone has put up plain white, black-bordered posters which read: "In Memoriam: Lt. Col. Virgil I. Grissom, Lt. Col. Edward White 2nd, Lt. Comdr. Roger B. Chaffee." No one knows who.

● President Johnson's economic message to the Congress was of major theoretical interest because it bypassed the notion of "guideposts" for wage and price hikes. The "guideposts" idea had proven impractical. Johnson replaced it with an appeal to business and labor jointly to regard the national interest rather than their own—a prolongation of the myth that it is business and labor that are responsible for inflation. Thus the blame for future inflation may be attributed to private parties; when inflation continues, they can be accused; and the groundwork will have been laid to justify the imposition of economic controls.

● Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.) joined the loyal opposition during a recent television interview when he took the Johnson economic message by its ears and made it bark. This was, he said, a helluva time to talk about raising the income tax rate, what with auto sales down, housing in a real depression, new orders stagnating, and plenty of other signals of softness ahead. Not only that, but the Johnson Administration had been deceptive in its estimates of the cost of the Vietnam war. And, to cap it off, Senator Proxmire said the Administration should cut its non-defense spending, as in the Public Works porkgram. If this is the nucleus of a northern Democratic revolt against Johnsonian extravagance, let it be welcomed with open arms.

● Julian Bond took his seat in the Georgia legislature when it reconvened in January as the Supreme Court had directed. And the Georgia legislators, who had twice refused to seat Bond because of his extremist statements on Vietnam and civil rights, treated their new Negro colleague with at least minimal courtesy, even going so far as to give him two better-than-expected committee assignments. For his part, Bond has acted circumspectly since his seating and has refrained from the inflammatory oratory and activity of which he is more than capable. Whether the Supreme Court was right or wrong in interfering in a state legislature's right to decide on its own membership, there is no question that the parties involved have handled the situation gracefully. They should be congratulated.

● Liberal designs on the Young Republican National Federation received a sharp setback last week when California's YRs ousted the fanatical rightist leadership that has dominated their state organization in recent years. Obsessed with the supposed need to destroy the responsible conservatives who have kept the national YRs on a steady rightward course since 1957, the California leaders, in the YR national conventions of 1963 and 1965, grimly delivered their huge (and conservative) delegation into the hands of the New York-led "moderates," and were preparing to do it again this year. Instead, California is now expected to play a major role in the biennial drubbing of the YR liberals.

● Vladimir Kazan-Komarek, the American citizen kidnaped by Czechoslovakia, tried for subversion, sentenced to prison and then suddenly expelled, was welcomed back to his adopted country last week by his wife, his family, and the junior senator from New York. Widely overlooked in all the rejoicing was the hard line taken by the United States: release this man, the Czechs were told, or you get no more visas for travel in this country, and home he came. Bridges or not, the hard line still works.

● Everyone was sorry, to be sure, when French diplomat Robert Richard and his wife got mussed up by the Red Guards in Peking the other day. But there was considerable inward chortling at the mussing up of *Mon Général*'s image as *M. le diplomate extraordinaire*. When de Gaulle announced, in 1963, that Paris and Peking would exchange ambassadors it was because China must be brought out of international Coventry to engage in dialogue with the one Man of Vision in the West (Himself). So de Gaulle provided an opening to the East, and *voilà. Et voilà,* nothing. China has continued in her merry aggressive way, building atom bombs, feeding and arming North Vietnamese armies, murdering, torturing and looting in Tibet. French diplomats in Peking have been, in large part, isolated. Franco-Chinese trade is not up measurably. Red Chinese propagandists continue to class France with the other bourgeois, imperialist, white, colonialist enemy nations. And people are beginning to question *Mon Général*'s credentials as an international Mr. Fix-it.

● Dr. Meyer Zeligs, a West Coast psychoanalyst and the author of the newly published *Friendship and Fratricide: An Analysis of Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss,* is a dreamer. The book, shrewdly reviewed in the February 5 *New York Times Book Re-*

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view by Sidney Hook, is a long dream of Hiss's innocence and heroism and Chambers' guilt, malice and bad mental health. How does Zeligs come by the figments on which he builds his cloudy case? Among his sources, Hook reveals, were, 1) the Dr. Carl Binger whose flimsy psychiatric imaginings about Chambers a trial jury saw fit to ignore and a grand jury dismissed out of hand; 2) Hiss himself, who (unlike Chambers) cooperated lengthily in, and in effect authorized, Zeligs's account of the trials; and 3) the good doctor himself, who, Hook writes, "by *his* own free association, and by fiat" postulates Hiss's goodness and Chambers' viciousness: "There is not a shred of *authenticated* material evidence to sustain Zeligs's key postulations . . . it is Zeligs's postulations that appear dubious, an analyst's wish-fulfilling fantasies" (italics Hook's). Justice is done once again.

● Scrappy days are here again! New York City, which since the first of the year has endured strikes by tugboat operators, public housing janitors and gravediggers, faces new labor strife! Forty workers, ordered to join the Bartenders Union, go on strike and begin picketing. The Teamsters step in, and sign up the forty. The City License Commissioner refuses to issue work permits to suspected strike-breakers imported from out of town. The NLRB investigates. Picketers boo scabs. Where? At the local Playboy Club. Who's mad? Some Bunnies, who claim they were ordered to join the Bartenders Union under a closed shop arrangement. No comment from Br'er Hugh Hefner, but it's rumored he'll deal at length with the problem in the next four installments of the "Playboy Philosophy."

● The American Conservative Union has prepared a detailed "ADA Report" which catalogues the penetration by that organization of the highest Washington circles, and then offers a point-by-frightful-point dissection of ADA's "Program for Americans, 1966." The program boils down to Spend at Home—Bend Abroad, *magna cum* disarmament ("general and complete"), foreign aid (three times what we're now spending), accommodation with Communism (everywhere), guaranteed minimum income ($4,000 for a family of four), social security ("we must double benefits"), control (of automobile exhausts), abolition (of HUAC), repeal (of 14[b]), legalcare (of course). Copies of the Report, first extensive study of ADA since James Burnham's ("Does ADA Run the New Frontier?," *NR* May 7, 1963), are available from the American Conservative Union, 328 Pennsylvania Avenue S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

● Computer experts foresee a national credit clearing-house supplanting money, checks and credit cards, based on nothing but your thumbprint, for identification. Seems your thumb can't be stolen, lost, or duplicated. The central computer, of course, would have to be digital.

'Twas a Famous Victory

What a bunch of pompous, humorless, self-righteous bigots, these ideologues who have wrapped themselves around the nation's neck! How they must be primping themselves on their latest triumph—defying the Dragon Apartheid in his native lair! Just too bad if 3,800 of their fellow citizens—on their way home from eight months' grim work defending the kind of world that permits ideologues to keep comfortably yakking—were among the victims of this mean-spirited little ploy.

Mean-spirited and inhumane. There wasn't going to be any apartheid trouble in Capetown, that's for sure. The Navy and the inhabitants of Capetown have got too much sense for that. Besides, nobody—except the ideologues 8,000 miles away—was looking for trouble. Everybody was loving everybody, all set on both sides for the pleasant, warm, relaxing time you can have in Capetown, this season of the year. Capetown, with its predominantly English tradition and the literate, easy, talented "Cape Colored Community" that is the main component of its non-white population, is always a good deal more relaxed about apartheid than Johannesburg or Pretoria. Capetown hospitality was offered to every man of the *FDR* crew; for many days the Navy's representatives and the city's had been working together on the program that had been put in printed form under the Navy's seal. That program having been torn up when the President—for it was only he, obviously, who could have given the controlling order—yielded to the ideologues, the Capetowners were still determined to say their welcome. Since the *FDR* could not come to the city, the city went to the *FDR*: 100,000 persons, of every race and color, in less than three days.

As for the sailors, nothing to worry about on their account. Our sailors have been around a good deal since the cold war started. They know how to handle themselves. Their appearance and their conduct is something for their countrymen to wonder at, and be proud of. But the city, beaches, drives, restaurants, bars, mountains, and girls of the Cape, were ordered to be a tantalizing mirage. ("Man, it feels bad to be cooped up here. I could have used some liberty out there, you know, a few drinks, swim, maybe meet a girl"—thus spoke one of the Negro crewmen whom the ideologues were so tenderly shielding. "We were told that leave was being canceled because of all this apartheid stuff," commented Machinist Mate 1st Class John Jessop, another Negro, who could never have been taught by an ADA professor. "But I

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would have liked to see what it was like and maybe have a good time. I'm willing to take my chances with all that.")

Inhumane and reckless. The carrier could have stopped at some other port, whined the *New York Times*, echoing Senator Javits. But it couldn't—that's just the point—unless maybe at another South African port, Simonstown just across the ridge, or Durban up the east coast. Unlike the ideologues, the Navy knows and respects its geography and knows how strategically crucial the location of South Africa is for the global future; and remembers that South Africans have fought alongside us in three wars of this century.

Fiat integratio, ruat patria.

Reckless and rude. Rude, not merely to a government which the ideologues dislike (would that for even once they would exhibit such rudeness toward the government of the Soviet Union!), but nastily rude toward several hundred-thousand human beings whose approach to the episode was simply human.

Stupid and hypocritical. For actually apartheid is only an incidental interest for the ideologues in this case. They aren't at all excited by the brazenly racist anti-Indian campaign currently building up in East Africa. They saw an opening for a cheap and easy political maneuver to jack up their voting pull in the big cities, which showed signs of seepage last November. Machinist Mate Jessop had their number. "It's all politics, man."

Our sailors, bless them, had the last say. As the *FDR* pulled away, all Capetown could read the message on the huge banner hung over the side:

"To the people of Capetown. We loved having you aboard as our guests and deeply regret not being able to accept your kind hospitality. We love you all."

Negotiate What?

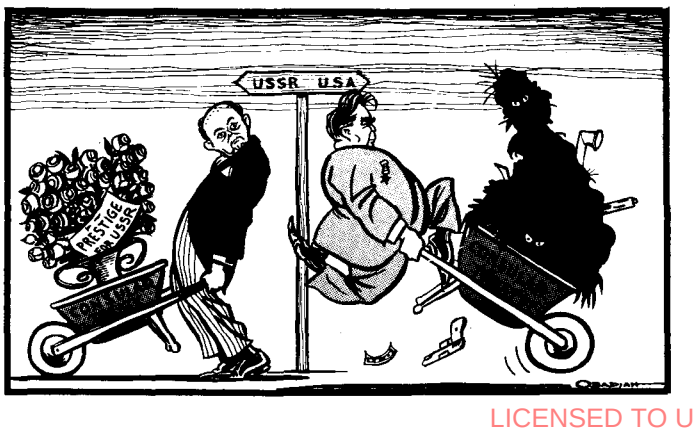
We seem to be nearing the apogee of one of the periodic global peace campaigns. Each time the ingredients are essentially the same—indeed, they merely repeat the pattern, often the identical language, of the peace campaigns of the Korean War. The Vietnam variant combines a generous portion of atrocity propaganda (fed preferably through the bourgeois press, cf. Harrison Salisbury) with demands to stop the bombing of North Vietnam and start negotiating. The call for "negotiations" gets widely echoed because of its seemingly reasonable character. Wars always end some time, and what they end in is negotiation; so let's start negotiations and the war will be over. It seems like a nice syllogism, and only a spoilsport would call attention to the logical fallacy it incorporates.

So let's say we agree to negotiate with Hanoi. Negotiate what? Hardly anyone gets around to asking that question, much less even beginning to answer it. Seriously, what do we have, right now, to negotiate with Hanoi? Maybe some day it might make sense to include Hanoi in general negotiations about the setup in Southeast Asia. But at the moment when there's this war on?

Hanoi can stop American bombing of its territory whenever it chooses. Not a moment's negotiation is necessary on that point. It need only call its troops back home from South Vietnam and stop sending in more men and arms. The bombing would end at once; there would be nothing further to bomb about. You might say that Hanoi itself orders the bombing—by continuing to fight in South Vietnam—and may equally well order the bombing to end.

It is hard to see how this issue of bombing in the North against fighting in the South can be properly a subject of negotiation, and it is hard to see how anything else could be negotiated until that issue is, not negotiated, but settled. Are we going to negotiate whether Hanoi should pull 30 per cent or 60 per cent or 40 per cent out of war in the South and whether we should cut down this or that fraction of our bombing sorties? That's obviously silly.

Under the pressure of the peace campaign the President may wilt and agree to enter what would be *called* "negotiations." These, however, would be no more than a diplomatic cover for yielding, unless the preliminary issue has been settled beforehand.



Not Right Now, Please

What we can't quite figure out is why Mr. Nixon felt called on to give a public endorsement to the proposed Consular Accord with the Soviet Union, now under examination by the Senate. We can't see why he did so even granting that he does in fact favor the Accord, and assuming further that it is a good thing. Mr. Nixon is a member and a leader of the opposition. It is not his function to make things easier for the party in power, except on issues—the Vietnam war is the present example—that acutely and immediately affect the national interest, which is certainly not the case with this consular matter.

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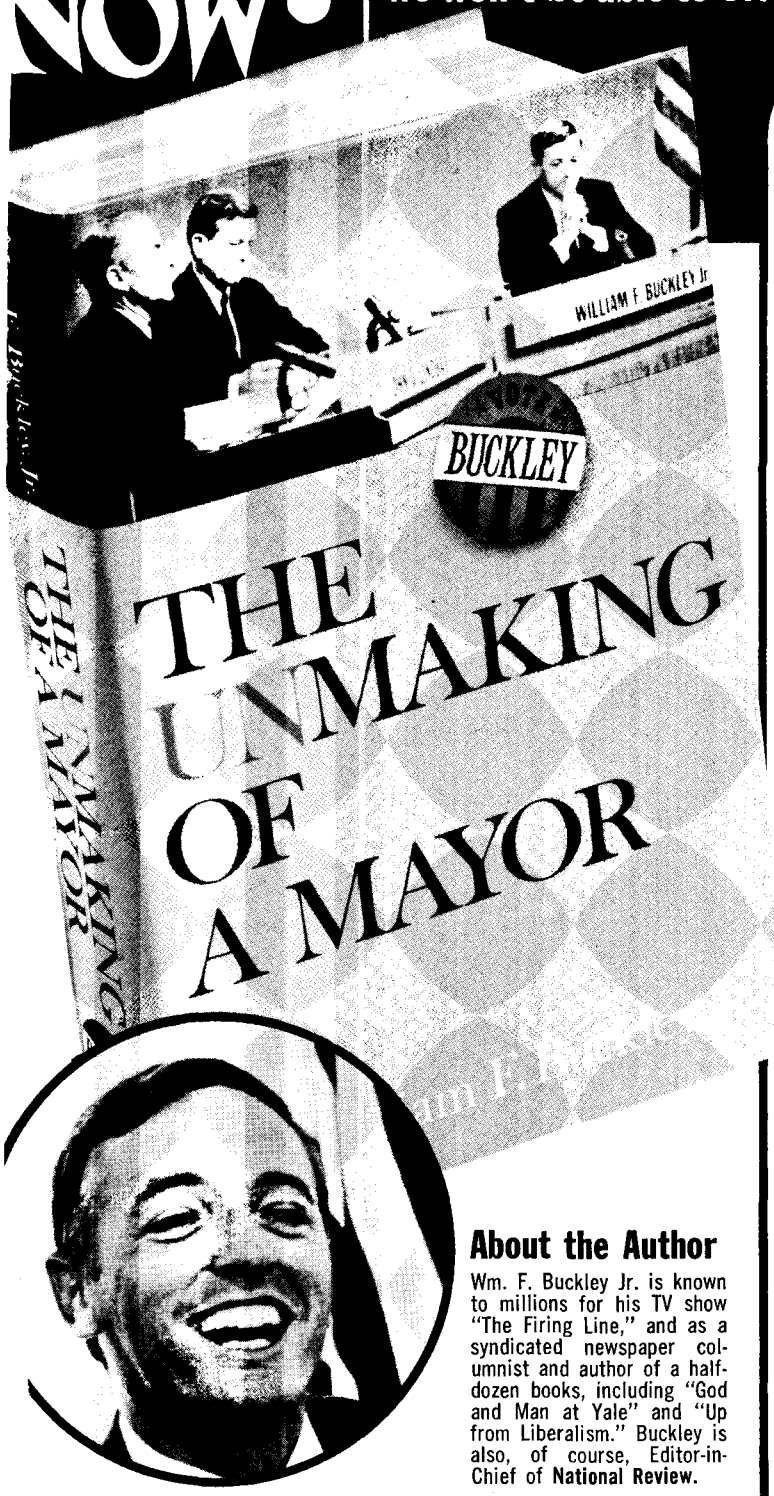

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About the Author

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. is known to millions for his TV show "The Firing Line," and as a syndicated newspaper columnist and author of a half-dozen books, including "God and Man at Yale" and "Up from Liberalism." Buckley is also, of course, Editor-in-Chief of **National Review.**

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In this affair, we might think that the President, the State Department and Senator Fulbright could have been allowed to carry the balance on their own.

No doubt, as is normal with professional politicians, and certainly with Mr. Nixon, the move was a political maneuver, but it is not on that account any easier to comprehend. Whom was he trying to win or conciliate? Certainly not the Republicans of the Right who are bitterly opposed to the Accord, or of the Center who are not strongly committed one way or the other. As for the Left Republicans, such as they are, surely Mr. Nixon does not so far delude himself as to suppose anything he can do will soften *their* hearts! He can scarcely expect an appointment from the President. No, we rather suppose Mr. Nixon was indulging his periodic impulse to play the role of Global Statesman. He should resist the temptation.

If we were judging it in the abstract—out of time, that is—we might agree with Mr. Nixon and its other defenders that there is much to be said for the Consular Accord. Certainly, many of the arguments against it, including Mr. Hoover's, are unimpressive. Two dozen more official Soviet spies, added to the 1,000-plus already on the diplomatic immunity list, might require a few more FBI observers, but otherwise won't make much difference. This country is wide open to snoopers anyway. On the other hand, a few Americans stationed in several Soviet cities might really learn some things we otherwise miss; the advantage here is truly on our side. There is something, too, to the point that United States citizens who get in trouble in the Soviet Union might have a better chance to get out of it under the Accord's provisions.

What is wrong is the timing, and the timing is wrong enough to over-balance these rather technical points. The Consular Accord is one item—along with the treaty banning weapons in space and the bill to promote trade relations—in a package (see Cato) that, taken in its entirety, symbolizes a softening toward the Soviet Union, an effort at economic and political rapprochement. This is offered at a time when we are fighting a bitter war, with the Soviet Union sending arms and essential supplies at a billion dollar annual rate to our enemy, and giving him all-out political support on a global scale. Without the Soviet support, our enemy would collapse; the Soviet Union is actively and directly seeking our defeat in armed conflict. It is an outrage to our countrymen fighting and dying in that conflict to pick this moment for a multiple gesture of conciliation. And do we want to teach Moscow the lesson that the way to get concessions out of us is to hit us hard, and then harder?

Bobby's Spring Offensive

In Europe a couple of weeks ago Senator Robert F. Kennedy met with: Harold Wilson, George Brown, the students of Oxford University, Chancellor Kiesinger, Willy Brandt, General de Gaulle, Couve de Murville, Amintore Fanfani, the Pope, and Françoise Sagan. In Paris he said that de Gaulle represented a current in European thought. Everyone agreed. In Bonn he said the Germans should play a role in European affairs. Somewhat mystified, everyone agreed again. He also subtly identified himself, whenever possible, with the prevailing European negativism toward the U.S. role in Vietnam, hinted that he Knew Things about Hanoi's willingness to negotiate which would be revealed in Due Course, and in general looked very much the man in charge of America's destiny, or one ready to take charge by 1968 at the earliest.

As is customary on Kennedy's whirlwind foreign tours, the show was really being beamed to the folks back home. Landing at Kennedy Airport in New York (in West Berlin he had just dedicated a Kennedy Institute on American Studies), Bobby was just in time to welcome home from a Prague prison the Czech-American Kazan-Komarek, in behalf of a) Brother Ted (who did the paperwork), b) the State of Massachusetts, and c) the U.S.A. The timing, the symbolism, the performance, all conspiring to stress the high significance of Kennedyism, were exquisitely managed; so, too, the announcement, the very same day, from Harvard, of Robert F. in the running for an alumni place on the University Board of Overseers—which place, we need hardly say, will cer-

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Up, Virago!

"Would Cowles, as a friend, cancel the publication? Would Manchester, who had been so kind and understanding during their painful interviews, forgo publishing? Both explained that they could not back out. It is said that the meeting ended unpleasantly—that Jackie raged and turned into a veritable virago. 'She reverted to being Jackie Bouvier and blew her French cool,' said someone."

—Liz Smith in the *World Journal Tribune*

Dear Jackie, now you've had your way
On what posterity will say
Concerning LBJ and you,
We wish that you would follow through
On stuff we've read that *seems* absurd,
For instance, there's this play, *MacBird* . . .
(And you've seen the sequel smear,
The Wicked Daughters, or, *La Lear?*)
Lady, this is dirty pool.
We'd *like* it if you'd blow your cool.

TERRY SHERWOOD

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Fiscal policy will probably develop into the principal concern of this session of Congress, but during the first few weeks the focus has been on American foreign policy, and in particular the Administration's proposals for building "Bridges to the East." The most heated arguments have been over the U.S.-Soviet Consular Accord, which requires a two-thirds vote of the Senate for approval. Sen. Clifford Case (R., N.J.) threatened a revolt of GOP liberals against Everett Dirksen, who opposes the Accord. Dirksen, in turn, pointed out that "he [Case] never votes with the party anyway" and "belongs on the other side of the aisle more than Wayne Morse." (Dirksen was correct; "Republican" Case supported LBJ on 72 per cent of the votes in the 89th Congress, while Democrat Morse supported the President a mere 55 per cent of the time.) Sen. George D. Aiken (R., Vt.) blamed opposition to the Accord on immigrant groups: "When they come here they should abide by the rules and laws of the United States and not try to stir up hatred and violence," consigning to second-class citizenship all naturalized Americans. Senators to watch among Republicans when it comes to a vote: Allott (Colo.), Griffin (Mich.), Hansen (Wyo.), Jordan (Ida.), Miller (Iowa), Murphy (Cal.), Pearson (Kan.) and Young (N.D.)—all uncommitted at this point.

◆ Less good are the Administration's prospects of forcing through its proposed East-West Trade Bill, which would authorize the President to bestow "most favored nation" tariff treatment on East European Communist nations and the USSR. Leading the anti fight in the House is Rep. Glen Lipscomb (R., Cal.), a tough conservative anti-Communist. Several ironical incidents have also hurt the Administration's case. The first was the proposed British loan to underwrite the sale of a $39 million fertilizer plant to Castro Cuba; the State Department, in a protest to the Foreign Office, argued that the loan would save Castro scarce foreign exchange, thus helping him continue his subversive activities in Latin America. The argument, congressmen note, is valid for the East European countries and Soviet Russia, all of which are aiding North Vietnam. The second incident was the sentencing of Buel Ray Wortham to three years in a Soviet labor camp for stealing a souvenir statue of a bear from a Leningrad hotel. Mr. Wortham comes from the congressional district of Rep. Wilbur D. Mills (D., Ark.), Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee—which handles the East-West Trade Bill. Last year Mills killed the proposal, and few expect him to change his mind after the harsh sentence given his constituent.

◆ One-way traffic on another "bridge" to the East has also been criticized by Rep. Lipscomb, who scored the State Department for letting the Soviets sell their slick new propaganda magazine, *Sputnik*, in this country without any reciprocal distribution of American magazines in the USSR. State maintained that "it is highly unlikely that the average member of the CPSU [Communist Party Soviet Union] could subscribe to a non-Communist foreign newspaper," and that the USSR "is not in any way susceptible to negotiations," but under Lipscomb's questioning admitted it hadn't even tried.

◆ Rep. Paul Findley of Illinois, along with other Republicans, and Democratic Sen. Ernest Gruening of Alaska, have blasted the proposal of U.S. Ambassador to Poland John Gronouski that the $26 million in debts which Poland owes the United States for food shipments be repaid not in dollars, as required by law, but in Polish currency to be spent in Poland—thus saving Poland's scarce foreign exchange. (Poland did not request such help, but naturally jumped to welcome Gronouski's gratuitous suggestion.) Joining Findley was Rep. Odin Langen (R., Minn.), who recalled that "late last year a Hamburg newspaper dispatch noted that on one side of the harbor of Stettin, Poland, American wheat was being unloaded, while on the other side of that same harbor weapons to be used against American soldiers were being loaded." Poland not only is vocally very critical of the U.S. presence in Asia, it is one of the largest contributors to the North Vietnamese war effort. A Stockholm newspaper reports that Polish workers in Warsaw and Lodz have been protesting the demands of their Communist government that they work overtime, without pay, to aid North Vietnam.

—CATO

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ainly be convenient for overseeing the operations nd machinations of the brand-new John F. Kennedy chool of Government and Institute of Politics at Harvard University (see "Kennedy Stud Farm," *NR*, eb. 7). . . .

At the Oxford Union, when Kennedy denied he ad any ambitions for 1968, a voice instantly responded, "What about the credibility gap?" And that indeed is the question. What can all this high-level activity indicate if not a concerted move—now or never—to establish Bobby's credibility as a Presidential candidate? It is known that the circle of Kennedy advisers believes today that almost any Republican could beat Lyndon Johnson. Therefore, if Johnson chooses not to run next year, or not to run with Humphrey, there must be one single, clear and obvious alternative available to the Democratic Party, and that not a frivolous one.

A fantasy? How can anyone suppose that, barring only the improbable extremities of calamitous bad health or a calamitous backward lurch in Vietnam, Johnson will not run again? Yet how is it one hears more and more that he may not: stories such as last February 5th's in the *World Journal Tribune:* "Six Leaders Think LBJ Won't Run." Six Leaders! (Six, it turns out, out of forty-four.) Leaders? (State chair-

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men and national committeemen, mostly unidentified, but 38 of whom think it will be LBJ again.) Possibly the Kennedy crowd really can, by outnews-managing, outpublicizing, outconjuring and outdazzling the opposition, bring Bobby to his heart's desire. At present they have only made him the biggest cinder in the public eye, and just possibly a mote in his own.

Walter's Walkout

The abrupt departure of Walter Reuther and other leaders of the United Auto Workers from the highest councils of the AFL-CIO merely dramatizes a conflict long in evidence. Almost since the day in 1955 when the strange alliance was engineered between CIO radical industrial unionism and the more traditional and more conservative AFL craft-oriented unionism, Reuther and George Meany, leading exponents of the two approaches, have been at odds. Now, eleven years later, Reuther seems to have concluded that Meany, though aging, is ageless and will never step aside to allow him to take command. Indeed, when Meany does step down it is certain he will do his level best to see that Walter Reuther not succeed him, for ideological, political as well as personal reasons. Whether or not the UAW votes in its convention this April to make the rupture official and complete, labor's united front is dead—at least for the time being.

Whither Walter? His view that labor must be active on all available social and political fronts could take him in a number of different directions. Certainly, we are fated to hear more in the near future about his plans to organize white-collar workers, teachers and federal employees. In seeking new bases of support for radical unionism, he may well attempt to form alliances with the civil rights and anti-Vietnam war movements for which he has had so many kind words, to the annoyance, in the case of foreign policy, of Meany et al. (In a showdown last November, the Executive Council of the AFL-CIO voted unanimously in support of the Meany hard anti-Communist line on nineteen foreign policy positions the AFL-CIO has taken since 1955—and thus inferentially against Reuther.)

Labor analyst Victor Riesel predicted recently that with Jimmy Hoffa en route to prison, Reuther may league the UAW with the Teamsters. Reuther's move is especially significant in view of his cool relations with the Johnson Administration and his charter membership in the Kennedy cabal. Reuther may be attempting to build a new labor movement (think of all those "working poor"!) which could become a part of Robert Kennedy's juggernaut.

But Reuther's action must be viewed against the larger background. Organized labor has not fared well in attracting new sectors of the working community in recent years, although it has successfully pushed up wages and wrung major concessions from employers on vacations, paid holidays and other fringe benefits. It now represents a smaller portion of the nation's labor force than it did in 1955, when the AFL and CIO merged. It has failed to get 14(b) repealed. Its candidates did poorly last fall—especially in that Reuther stronghold, Michigan. Reuther blames the Meany leadership for this state of affairs: he doubtless believes that he can revitalize the movement by striking out on his own. But his views on labor's role have always been minority ones in the AFL-CIO. Even old-line CIO leaders have tended to side with Meany against Reuther.

Can Reuther, and the dubious new allies he must find, do it? At 61, he himself is no longer young. The "working poor" have shown little inclination to participate in federal programs allegedly designed to benefit them, and may well prove at least as apathetic toward unionism. The civil rights movement has cannibalized its own responsible element; continued success of our Asian policy could pull the rug from under the Vietniks—in any case, both could turn out to be liabilities to Reuther if he allies with them. Finally, if he leads his union into the Kennedy camp, Reuther can expect little help from the Administration when UAW contracts with the auto manufacturers are negotiated next fall.

God Is Square

A sociologist surfaced a few days ago at Arizona State University with the discovery that it is the unusual student who is religiously inclined in our secular culture. So what else is new? But Dr. Frederick L. Whitam uses certain key words of derogatory flavor from which we are subtly invited to conclude that those who are religiously minded are not so much unusual in the admirable sense, as in the sort of spooky sense.

Dr. Whitam sent questionnaires to 1,600 young people who, as teen-agers six years ago, made "decisions for Christ" at Billy Graham's Crusade in New York City. Analyzing the 290 returns, Dr. Whitam concludes that "the youths, particularly the boys tended to be somewhat indifferent to social life and athletics."

Well, is there anything wrong with being indifferent to social life? Einstein was, and so was William Faulkner, and we're not against Einstein or Faulkner, are we? And surely those who are indifferent to athletics are okay, are they not? Wasn't that what Holden Caulfield proved, to an entire generation of intellectuals? But comes now the jargon. Says Dr. Whitam: Such students had "status problems" —

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and that, of course, in the public psychology, clinches it. Anyone who has status problems probably has Oedipus complexes or life-adjustment problems, and certainly isn't 4-H.

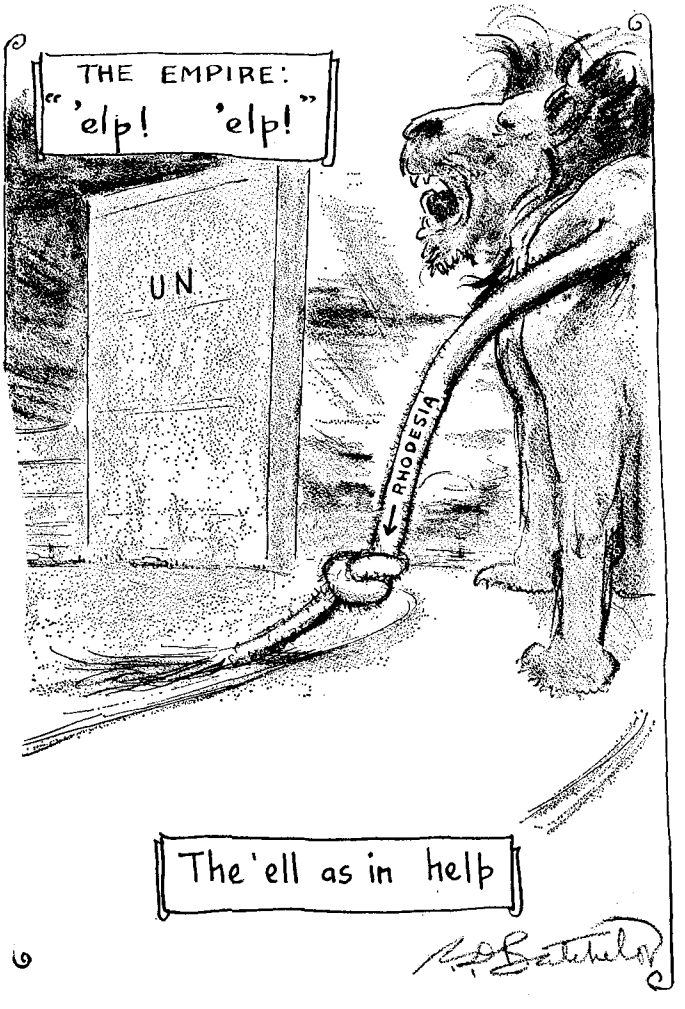
"In making decisions for Christ at crusades, teenagers are setting themselves up in direct opposition to the peer group of which they are a part. A group emphasizing good times, cars, and liberal views on sex . . . The grand crusades [note once again the loaded rhetoric. Crusades are out of style, and the adjective "grand" makes them especially so] . . . seem to attract kids on the fringe ["fringe" as in "lunatic fringe"—you know] of things—kids who aren't really 'in' with the crowd. In making decisions, they accept a set of values quite contradictory to that shared by their peer groups."

God, who is not in the peer group either, is a sort of negative symbol anyway. Thus the decision-makers are advocates of "adherence to don'ts—don't drink, don't smoke, don't engage in pre-marital intercourse. By subscribing to this list of don'ts they run counterclockwise to the hedonistic philosophy of their friends."

Here is a minor rhetorical slip, since "hedonistic" sounds sort of like Nero, and maybe even Caligula; though who knows, if Nero were around these days, say as Emperor of Hanoi, there'd be a lot of people saying, "Who are we to criticize Nero?" And indeed, maybe Nero is the wave of the future. The likelihood of that is greater in proportion as there are fewer decisions taken for Christ.

It is an interesting aspect of the whole thing that if the identical poll had been taken of young people who enter the Peace Corps, it is probable that the results would have been much the same; the poll would have shown that those who enter the Peace Corps are not totally well-adjusted to the hedonistic imperatives of the day, that they too care less for social life and athletics than for other things. But the trouble with loosing a psychological critique of the Peace Corps of the type that would tend to point invidiously at its members is that to do so would be to cast aspersions upon the Founder of that order, John F. Kennedy, and that is to commit a sacrilege.

If only Mr. Kennedy had founded Christianity, one would safely make decisions at Mr. Graham's rallies, without fear of aspersion by the social scientists.



Henry Morgenthau Jr., RIP

Henry Morgenthau Jr. was perhaps fortunate in the obscurity of his later years. It was easier thus for his countrymen to forget the public damage that had come about through the ignorance, incompetence and, above all, vanity of this essentially second-rate member of a distinguished house. Under his nominal direction in the years from 1934 to 1945 the United States Treasury became headquarters of as vicious a gang of rascals as has ever invaded Washington. Three separate Communist cells (the Ware cell, the Silvermaster cell, and the Perlo cell) had operated in important Treasury posts. Some of the cell members—Harry Dexter White and Frank Coe, to name two—rose to the highest echelons, where by playing on his weaknesses, they were able, often enough, to make Secretary Morgenthau dance to their tune. This was the context out of which rose "The Morgenthau Plan" for the dismemberment and the reduction of Germany, which had much to do with prolonging German resistance, and the Treasury policies that played a considerable part in undermining the Chinese Nationalists. At least one of Secretary Morgenthau's favorites, the aforementioned Frank Coe, is at this moment working in Peking as aide to Communist China. Whatever his private reconsiderations, Henry Morgenthau Jr. never made public amends; and quite possibly he never understood what he had done. It is not our job to strike the final balance of his personal faults and virtues, but it would be an imprudent generosity, in such a case, to permit the historical record to be wholly blotted out.

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What Is Freedom All About?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

Be-Nun-I-Ken, Arizona. The bell rang, and Senator Goldwater kept right on talking to his visitor but automatically slid his chair back. That way, when Mrs. Goldwater, or the butler, opens the door, whoever it is won't have a clear view of Goldwater sitting behind his desk. By sliding back three feet, the line of vision is cut off and all that the man at the door can see is a desk top, from which 24,000 letters were dictated last year alone. It happens all day long. Strangers. They find out where he lives, drive right into his driveway, take pictures of the house and the swimming pool and, often, ring the bell to chat with Goldwater or to ask him to pose for a picture.

Buckley

Goldwater is the friendliest man in the history of the world, so that when he has work to do, or is conversing with someone, he simply slides the chair back, secure. The other day he neglected to do so, assuming that the ring at the door, at seven in the morning, could only be the milkman or Western Union. It was a large lady with a large camera, who whinnied with delight on spotting the Republican Presidential candidate of 1964. Could she take a picture of him? Yes, he said politely, but would she mind terribly waiting just a minute until he put on a bathrobe?

You drive to the hotel, or to the airport, and everyone waves to him. They are unawed, he has always been a part of the city—the most approachable part of the city which, when he was born there, had only 10,000 inhabitants and one big general store called Goldwater's.

The visitors, along with his granddaughter and daughter, crowd into his twin-engined Bonanza, which cruises at 230 mph. He is taking them to see the Grand Canyon, and soon the plane is off the ground and climbing to 7,500 feet. In the copilot's seat is a tiny little woman who looks a hundred years old, but that is an impression you get primarily from her venerable condescension to the complex of gauges and buttons and valves and instruments. She is an old friend, has been flying thirty years, and the insurance company likes to have a copilot along when the pilot is over fifty.

Along the way—the Grand Canyon is 250 miles north of Phoenix—the visitors are shown everything. The youngest extinct volcano, where recently, under the influence of strong spirits, some local jokesters sneaked up at midnight and lit a couple of logs and practically caused a mass evacuation of the valley. There, to the east, is where the Jukesburies and Grahams feuded for so many years, a bloodier feud by far than anything that ever happened in Kentucky. It was the cattlemen against the sheepherders, and one victim was tied up and eaten to death by wild hogs, so the story goes—there are Vietcong in our own history.

On the left in the bright sun there is Jerome, a ghost town, freshly discovered by artists who are moving in. Over there a dead mine. Goldwater's uncle was asked to stake it to $10,000 fifty years ago, but said he didn't have the cash and wouldn't borrow it. Before they were through, they had taken $40 million in gold and $100 million in copper out of it.

Over there is where Goldwater once crash-landed an Ercoup. Bits and pieces of the airplane are still cherished by the Hopis as amulets, and as eternal proof that flying over their territory is forbidden by their earth god, a reverence for whom prevents them even now from permitting wells to be drilled, so that they have to go three miles for water.

To the northwest, archeologists have found traces of life dating back before the beginning of Christendom, indicating that the population of northern Arizona was once as great as it is now, when they are charging thousands of dollars per acre. He points out all the archeological strata. "One day I hope to go back to college and get my degree, and it will be in geology."

The Country, Its People

We are getting close and he radios ahead that he should be landing "in about seven minutes." But there is no airport in sight, and the visitor challenges his capricious estimate. He accepts the challenge and sets the stopwatch going. Six minutes and 45 seconds later we are within a hundred feet of the runway.

He slows down the plane to stretch out those fifteen seconds, but Miss Ruth on the right sees what he is up to and calls his game—"You want to reach the field or stall?" she says sternly. "Shut up, Ruth. Your job is to tell me when we're on the ground," he says gruffly, unconvincingly. She smiles, and we touch down at exactly seven minutes, without even setting off the stall warning indicator.

Oh yes, he was recently in Saigon and Bangkok, and he has, later in the day, to meet with the governor and the congressmen, and political leaders, and plan his lectures, do some writing, and return a thousand telephone calls. But he has shown why he is concerned to fight political—and military—wars, so that he can enjoy what he truly enjoys, his country, its people, the desert, the rocks, the reservations, the history, his grandchildren, his friends.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

An Overstated Case

In this issue Prof. Jacobs has indeed stated the case against McNamara, stating it in terms so sweeping and unqualified as to satisfy, I should think, even the most passionate anti-McNamarians. But to state a case is not to prove it. Prof. Jacobs proceeds for the most part by vigorous but unsupported assertion—by fiat; and where he offers supporting evidence, this sometimes turns out to be inaccurate, doubtful or irrelevant.

Burnham

Not that I disagree with every point Prof. Jacobs makes. I am no "defender of McNamara," qualified or unqualified. I judge him as I do other public figures: by his actions—approving some, criticizing or condemning some, or suspending judgment about still others. A blanket approach, such as Prof. Jacobs here makes, smothers distinction. Rumor and hearsay get the same treatment as a serious critical point like the charge of overcentralized civilian control of field operations analyzed in Major Eliot's carefully targeted article.

Prof. Jacobs writes that McNamara "made it clear that the strategic aircraft were to be phased out" and this "greatly simplified" the enemy's problem by enabling him to dispense with "terminal bomber defense." But it is only in the minds of McNamara supercritics that strategic aircraft have been phased out. In actual fact we have and will continue to have a strategic air force many times as large as, and incomparably better than, the enemy's. If Moscow is shutting down its terminal bomber defense, the Soviet General Staff must have gone to sleep.

Prof. Jacobs writes that signing the test-ban treaty put "an end to any further U.S. development of missile defenses based on nuclear warheads or directed against nuclear targets." In actual fact, much of our underground test program (considerably more active than the Soviet program) is part of precisely that development.

The Cannibal Secretary

Prof. Jacobs names "Atlas ICBM" as among "the many weapon systems" canceled "in the research or development stage." In actual fact, Atlas (still busy at both civilian and military tasks) left R&D behind many years ago. It was deployed as an operational system, and did its duty in that role. It has been phased out because, with its soft silo and slow-handling liquid fuel it was no longer an effective weapon.

Prof. Jacobs condemns McNamara for "cannibalizing" units in Europe and the United States to supply Vietnam. But that is the way you fight a war. You concentrate what you need where the action is, drawing as required from less active areas and filling in the gaps as you go along. Prof. Jacobs seems to judge the Vietnam logistic operation more generally against utopian standards of a nonexistent perfect war.

Prof. Jacobs states: "In 1961 our nuclear weapons reportedly available amounted to 36,000 megatons. By 1970, under SecDef's plan it will be less than one-sixth of that." There is no basis for either figure, nor is it clear, indeed, what Prof. Jacobs is talking about. Does he mean all types of nuclear weapons we possess anywhere, the stockpile of all types of strategic warheads, the stockpile of weapons for aircraft delivery, the megatonnage aircraft could carry on a single strike, the stockpile of warheads or missiles, the megatonnage of warheads currently mounted on deployed missiles, or what exactly? The figures in Prof. Jacobs' formulation are meaningless.

It is true that there has been a fundamental change in the global strategic equilibrium in the last six years, and true that this is to the relative disadvantage of the United States. But McNamara has had nothing to do with this change. It results from the fact that in 1961 the Soviet Union did not have and today does have an operating nuclear ICBM system. In pre-McNamara days we had overwhelming strategic superiority over the Soviet Union. Today there is a strategic standoff—"mutual deterrent" or, as it is appropriately enough called, "a balance of terror." This shift might have been avoided if we had used our overwhelming superiority when we had it. But that is a question to take up with Dwight Eisenhower and the ghost of John Foster Dulles, not with Robert McNamara.

Ideology and Practice

Prof. Jacobs attributes to McNamara "ideological assumptions" much more naive than McNamara in truth accepts. Whatever McNamara's ideology it has not stopped him from keeping our strategic force up to a level from which it can and does accomplish its deterrent mission. There is no objective reason to doubt his intent to take what steps are necessary to sustain that level in the future.

The most stark proof of the adequacy of our strategic disposition is not any juggling of figures but the obvious fact of the strategic paralysis of the Soviet Union in the face of the biggest defeat ever suffered by the Communist enterprise—namely, the destruction of Indonesian Communism. It is not the personal opinion of the Secretary but the collective judgment of the country's military leadership that backed the declaration of a fortnight ago that one-fifth of our strategic force—much less than the minimum that was to remain useable after an all-out Soviet attack—would be able to destroy approximately a third of the Soviet population and half of Soviet industry. In *NR*'s next issue, I plan to discuss whether antimissile developments threaten an upset of the present deterrent balance.

Overconfidence and complaisance, as Prof. Jacobs insists, are poor guides in the search for national security. Exaggeration and panic aren't much better.

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Second Place in the Arms Race

Has McNamara's six-year stewardship left the nation unable to fight a major war? Mr. Jacobs believes so, and gives the reasons why. A sobering picture

WALTER DARNELL JACOBS

Americans who can look on their country's present defense posture with confidence are the equals in equanimity of Emperor Hirohito, who is reported to have remarked, on first viewing the ruins of Hiroshima, that "considerable damage appears to have been done here."

In his six years' tenure in the office of Secretary of Defense, Robert Strange McNamara has brought to this country a defense establishment that may be incapable of successfully waging either low-intensity, mid-intensity, or high-intensity warfare. He has weakened the credibility of our nuclear deterrent. He has helped vitiate NATO as an effective military alliance. He has corroded the morale of the corps of professional military officers. He has made the security problems of our most likely and capable opponent much simpler than they need have been.

The over-all effect of the McNamara stewardship of our security has been to put this nation in second place in the arms race. The arms race is going on in the USSR but not in the U.S.A. While Moscow is deploying a ballistic missile defense system and rapidly building up its offensive missile and rocket forces, we are complacently accepting inferiority—in numbers of combat-ready divisions and weapons, and in offensive and defensive systems, on both the tactical and strategic levels.

McNamara has so conducted his regime at the Pentagon that serious doubts must now exist about the continued capability of the United States to prosecute a variety of possible war operations.

Our present security concept assumes three generic types of war as possible in our time. These are: low-intensity wars—or military actions against irregulars; mid-intensity wars, or conflicts utilizing conventional-low yield nuclear weapons only; and high-intensity wars—all-out nuclear conflicts against first-class enemies.

The leading example of a low-intensity war is Vietnam. Although the performance of American fighting men in Vietnam has been superb within the limits placed on their freedom of action, their effectiveness has been limited by the political restraints imposed by Washington. The Vietnam war, more generally, illustrates the errors in planning and judgment that have been so typical of recent military policies. The build-up in Vietnam was accompanied by chaos and waste. It was accomplished only by cannibalizing troops and equipment from Europe and from strategic forces in the continental United States. It has been marked by shortages of ammunition and supplies. It has seen prodigious foul-ups at both ends of the logistics pipeline. It has involved a prodigal spraying about of taxpayers' money to purchase items which, with some foresight, could have been obtained more cheaply and efficiently.

Civilian Control

Management—supposedly the long suit of the computer crowd in the Pentagon—almost collapsed when faced with the relatively minor problem of raising and maintaining a force sufficient to hold (not defeat) a group of irregulars and primitive regulars in Vietnam. Who would like to imagine the confusion and countermarching that would result if we were simultaneously required to create and support a similar action in Thailand, Colombia, the Middle East or somewhere in Africa? It is certain that our enemies will not say, "Good show!" to a plucky competitor. They will not make our problems easier for us. They most certainly will attempt to make the challenge as difficult as possible.

Providence and Communist hesitancy have made the problem solvable if not easy in Vietnam. With time, money and the technical proficiency of our military professionals, we have finally got a sizable, relatively well-equipped force into Vietnam. What now? Are they to be allowed to use what they have?

The answer is in the negative. Restrictions on the use of air and naval forces remain severe. Ground forces are also limited with reference to both areas of operation and weapons. For instance, all out-of-theater air strikes are controlled from Washington. In North Vietnam, the aircraft operate against targets like trucks and bridges in accordance with blue laws sent from the Office of the Secretary of Defense (OSD). The Pentagon civilians, hired and statutorily defined as managers, have become operators. The task of employing the armed forces is a job for professionals, who know how to order air strikes and what targets to send them against. The Department of Defense (DoD) civilians, however, consider the military incapable of exercising such skills and so do the job for them. (This operational control by civilian managers became the rule during the missile crisis of 1962.)

Civilian operators may be able to control military operations from the Pentagon shelters in a Vietnam-type situation. Are they reliable, are they competent in cases of a bit higher complexity? Whatever the state of modern communications, can they have the knowledge of the situation available to the tactical commander on the scene?

Our mid-intensity warfare theory is based on the ability of American forces to fight a World War II type of action with conventional weapons or, perhaps, with small-scale, fractional kiloton nuclear weapons.

We have seventeen operational divisions plus five armored cavalry regi-

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ments, seven special forces groups, and some independent brigades. The Soviet Union has about 140 divisions, with 26 of these in the East European satellites and 75 in the European part of Soviet territory. If mid-intensity war occurs in central Europe, the enemy will be able to put more divisions into the conflict, on a locally available basis, than will the NATO powers.

This picture takes into account the fact that American divisions are larger and have more fire power than Soviet divisions—though the difference in small arms and armor is not great. If we could hope to win a war in Europe, or even to stanch the Red flow, it would be necessary to utilize air and naval forces not now in the European theater. It would probably be necessary to utilize nuclear weapons, fractional kiloton at first, and kiloton and larger if these were not successful. (The Soviet Army has nuclear weapons, too.)

The mid-intensity war power available to theater commanders in Europe is boxed in with a cat's cradle of stoppages. It is just possible that a mid-intensity war could be lost in Europe before our side would be able to utilize its over-all strength. Little wonder that de Gaulle has his doubts! And little wonder that Strauss and other Germans have real, if unarticulated, fears and doubts.

The American view of high-intensity warfare seems to be based more on ideological assumptions than on hard fact. The ideologists in DoD tend to twist reality to suit theory and to come up with the cheery view that "nuclear war is impossible" and "peace is our profession."

The entire credibility of our high-intensity war plans has become suspect for a number of reasons. In 1961, our nuclear weapons reportedly available amounted to 36,000 megatons. By 1970, under the SecDef's plans, there will be less than one-sixth of that amount. In this period, the megatonnage available to the Soviet Union will, it is reported, take a sharp rise. In addition, the NATO-approved "massive retaliation" strategy has been unilaterally changed by the United States to the "forward strategy with a pause." It's the "pause" part that gives our allies the shudders.

Our programmed deployment of 2,000 missiles by 1970 has apparently been cut to 1,700—while the Soviets are in the midst of a missile build-up. Our missile installations in Turkey and Italy have been liquidated. Our forward bomber bases are diminishing to the evaporation point. The still non-operational FB-111 is called an "advanced manned strategic aircraft" (AMSA), but its load capability is below that of the B-52G and B-52H, it has a limited strategic range, and it depends for bombardment largely on a short-range attack missile (SRAM) which appears to be only a slightly improved version of the unreliable Hound Dog. The lead time on a true AMSA is such that we could have none in the arsenal before 1975 even if we gave the order for procurement yesterday. On the hardware front, we just don't look very serious about fighting a high-intensity war.

Many of the decisions involved with reference to AMSA and other high-intensity warfare capabilities have been made on the basis of cost-effectiveness by the whiz kid crowd. This is a good standard for business and not a bad one for defense, except when cost-effectiveness becomes more important than combat-readiness and over-all credibility.

Secretary McNamara has greatly weakened the credibility of our nuclear deterrent. He has done this by: 1) failing to provide for an AMSA as a follow-up to the B-70, and conducting development and procurement so that B-70s are not now or ever likely to be a meaningful part of the American arsenal; 2) reducing the megatonnage of nuclear firepower available to our strategic forces; 3) reducing the number and types of weapons systems available for delivery of nuclear warheads; 4) engaging in a monologue, which was probably intended to be a dialogue, with the Soviets, about the choice of strategies —counterforce, countervalue, damage limitation, pause, etc.—and thus indicating to possible enemies that basic matters of strategy are still moot in DoD headquarters; 5) overriding the recommendation of the Joint Chiefs to deploy the Nike-X ballistic missile defense (BMD) system; 6) supporting arms control and disarmament fantasies in the DoD and about the country at large; 7) overstressing the role of conventional war capabilities even when such capabilities did not meet his own cost-effectiveness standards; 8) demonstrating a low threshhold of competence in handling the logistics problems associated with less-than-nuclear war; 9) offering the armed services to the Johnson Administration as a sort of Hitler-Youth training camp for persons called "disadvantaged" but who actually represent a specific political clientele for a political party; 10) canceling many weapons systems in the research or development stage (e.g., Atlas ICBM, Skybolt, Mauler missile, mobile Minuteman system, nuclear-powered aircraft, various manned aircraft systems, and others) which might have improved our high-intensity warfare capability; 11) supporting the test-ban treaty at a time when testing was needed for BMD and other purposes and 11a) supporting the non-proliferation concept at a time when nuclear knowledge and weapons in the hands of our friends (say, Germany and Japan) might well improve our power relative to the Soviet Union and Communist China.

Gravest doubts about our nuclear credibility arise, however, on the basis of an examination of the ideological assumptions of the SecDef and his epigoni. These assumptions include the thought that military professionals are basically flawed and have a low reliability in the making of decisions outside their limited parochial competence, the faith that armies and munitions are destined for the dustbin of history because they are evil and cause tensions, the conviction that "Russians" will become even more rational and less revolutionary, and the belief that wars and revolu-

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tions arise out of a) poverty and hunger or b) lack of familiarity between peoples who are, after all, good.

A view of the world based on the idea that your possible enemy in Moscow shares your prejudices is unlikely to raise and maintain a nuclear deterrent that will be taken seriously in the Kremlin.

Inside the Pentagon and throughout the armed forces of the nation, morale has been sustained in the face of assaults by the civilian experts who surround McNamara. During the last six years the professional military officer has been muzzled, insulted, ridiculed and ignored. The taunts and sneers of the new managerial class have been countenanced but certainly have contributed nothing to improving morale or efficiency. Relations between the civilians and the military at the Pentagon are not good —not critical, but not good. A Secretary of Defense with respect for the role and importance of the military profession could do much to overcome this undesirable state, if he wished to do so.

The subordinate servitor role of the military professional has been further intensified recently by the operation of the Senior Intergovernmental Group (SIG). SIG has begun to usurp the functions assigned by law to the National Security Council and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Point is given to this development when it is noted that the membership of SIG is the Under Secretary of State (Nicholas Katzenbach), the Under Secretary of Defense (Cyrus Vance) and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs (Earle Wheeler). In this company of ideological bridge-builders, General Wheeler is not likely to prevail. Katzenbach is said to have operational control of SIG. He is reported to have described his "lifelong interest in foreign affairs" as sufficient qualification for his present high position in State. Wheeler's realism and his concern for national security may seem only parochial to his two colleagues.

The McNamara approach to defense policy has made the problems faced by our enemies (or "those who would make themselves our adversaries," as he puts it) simpler than they need be. This is illustrated, for example, by the matter of the Soviet approach to ballistic missile defense.

When McNamara announced that the Soviet Union had deployed a BMD, the dream world created by his rhetoric and ideology collapsed. He could scarcely admit as much, but the Soviet BMD move means that the assumptions and fantasies of our security policy of the last six years were destroyed finally and completely.

The logic of the BMD action is compelling. The Soviets apparently have a Nike-X type system which can probably knock down some American missiles. Coupled with a vigorous civil defense system (and *Red Star*, the Soviet Ministry of Defense newspaper, is playing up civil defense measures), this deployment provides the Soviet Union with the means of fighting a nuclear war *now*. This BMD system may be partially or largely defeated by improved capability missiles (ICMs), but for the time—that is, until someone develops and demonstrates an ICM that can beat the Soviet BMD—the Soviet Union is better prepared for nuclear war than we are.

We Debate, Soviets Act

Everyone who reads the newspapers knows that we have a Nike-X system. They can be reasonably sure that it has capabilities similar to the deployed Soviet BMD system. In its Sprint configuration, our system has the capability of firing nuclear warheads (which one must presume the Soviet system also has). The difference is that ours is not deployed while theirs is.

Our BMD system is not deployed because of three arguments made by the SecDef. First, the Nike-X system is horrendously expensive to deploy (ranging up to $30 billion) and must be supported by a horrendously expensive civil defense system. Second—this is usually a tacit argument —the Nike-X system needs nuclear warheads to be effective, although it is operational to a limited extent with high-explosive warheads. Just imagine, goes the line, what a spectacular show we would have with our nuclear Sprints exploding Soviet nuclear warheads over some of our cities! Third, our Nike-X deployment would raise worries, in McNamara's words, "about the nature and effect of an opponent's possible reaction." In other words, an opponent might interpret our Nike-X deployment as an indication that we were getting ready for an offensive war by attempting to protect our citizens and installations from nuclear attack. A supplementary argument against deployment is the belief that Nike-X wouldn't save enough lives anyhow —but McNamara has never supported this argument.

While we have been in the throes of the BMD debate for some years, the Soviets have gone into the procurement and deployment stage. Back in 1960, Khrushchev said that the cost of deploying such a system was more than the economy of any country could bear. Our civilian experts took this as another indication of the rationality of the butcher of Budapest.

Later, after the Soviets reported in 1962 that they had developed an anti-missile missile, President Kennedy said: "I don't think the Soviet Union or the United States have [*sic*] solved the problem of dealing . . . with a whole arsenal of missiles coming at us at maximum speed, with decoys. That's the impossible."

While giving "signals" to the Soviet leaders (who apparently had left the phone off the hook) to be sensible like us and not to deploy a BMD, our Defense Chief made it clear that the strategic aircraft were to be phased out. This information greatly simplified the decision for the Soviets. Now they could confidently invest funds and effort in a BMD and mark down defenses against bombers. This simplifying concession was given to them free, in spite of the fact that terminal bomber defense still represents a fairly serious problem which high-speed aircraft and aircraft-borne missiles make still more difficult. (In fact, the entire McNamara theory about obsolete weapons makes the security problems of the Soviet Union simple. Why, for instance, is it necessary to dismantle Jupiter medium-range missiles when we get a better weapon? Why not give the Soviets the problem of defending against Jupiters *and* the Polaris *and* the Minuteman *and* AMSA *and* SRAM *and* ICM?)

In this period of debate on BMD, the test-ban treaty was signed, putting an end to any further American development of missile defenses based on nuclear warheads or directed against nuclear targets. It is probable

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that the last series of Soviet tests permitted them to try out the BMD which they have now deployed.

The period from 1962 (when the Soviets said they had the BMD) to 1966 (when they deployed it) was marked by arguments in the United States against its deployment because of its provocative nature. Similar arguments were not heard in the Soviet Union. Our ideological commitments and the assumptions of the civilian experts trapped us once again, so that we were surprised by the deployment.

The obsolescence argument is somewhat more persuasive but still unconvincing. If MIT undergraduates can soften granite with a laser beam, our R&D folk should be able to develop a laser-type BMD. Beyond that, they should be able to develop a laser shield, or some other type of effective BMD. So far, they haven't. One may even doubt if they are likely to before the Soviets, who could expect some success with a "Ban the Laser" drive in the West.

In spite of our pleadings, in spite of our sanguine picture of the rationality of the Communists, in spite of the best wishes of all who love peace and hate war, the Kremlin has deployed a BMD. It should seem to follow that all our defense policies which are based on trust in the Communists, on their rationality and hatred of war, on their susceptibility to American provocations and on pictures of U.S.-Soviet cooperation, should be abandoned.

The BMD debacle is a direct result of McNamara-sponsored policies. His argument that the ICM can defeat the BMD is good so far as it goes—and we should proceed at flank speed to develop and deploy all sorts of ICMs—but it does not explain why the Soviets deployed their system. For his theory of nuclear warfare to survive this latest blow, McNamara must persuade the Kremlin to demonstrate to us that their BMD is not *now* effective against American missiles. Failing this, McNamara might have the graciousness either to change his policies to meet the "changed" nature of the Soviet threat or resign in favor of someone who will.

The McNamara BMD failure is only one among several for the SecDef. Among his others are: 1) failure to provide for effective close air support for ground troops; 2) slowness in getting the military into the space effort (McNamara and Johnson were literally pushed into the Manned Orbiting Laboratory Project); 3) failure to develop large-yield nuclear weapons (after the Soviet Union had demonstrated its capability with a 100-megaton bomb) which would be effective against hardened Soviet missile sites; 4) diversion of R&D funds to non-R&D purposes, including the charging to R&D budgets of the costs of the first factory runs of new weapons and equipment; 5) failure to maintain the missile build-up through 1970 (with the result that, under current programs, the Soviets will soon have more missiles and more megatonnage deployed than we do); 6) failure to provide for the rapid re-programming of the basic missiles of our strategic offensive forces. There are other failures, such as choosing missile weapons for battlefield employment (e.g., Shillelagh) which have a complex logistics support problem, failure to exploit quickly the military possibilities of transuranium, etc., and the failure to report to the President persuasively on the need for a civil defense program.

McNamara's successes are also numerous. They include the standardization of minor items of supply (belt buckles, shoes, cartridges, etc.), utilization of computers, organization of a large civilian munitions industry, implementation of cost-effectiveness programs, and efficient management procedures. Many persons would like to believe the spectacular rumor that the United States has actually destroyed one or two Soviet orbiting systems. McNamara has also been most successful in attracting civilian skills to the defense establishment and in setting up a supporting research network.

The tone of the McNamara years, however, is one of efficiency at the cost of security. He has presided over the defense establishment during the period of Soviet missile build-up and BMD deployment. He has been in charge when the Soviets surprised us with the missile deployment in Cuba in 1962 and surprised us again in 1966 with the BMD deployment. His policies and procedures may be correct and they may save us money. But they may be wrong. They may make it easy for the Soviets to surprise us. The next surprise may be fatal.

Robert McNamara and the Process of Military Decision

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

From the earliest records of human conflict, decisions in war have been reached by the weighing of risk against advantage. Skill in reaching sound decisions through this process has been the indispensable quality which in all ages has marked men out for eminence in the profession of arms. This requirement has remained unaltered by technological changes in weaponry, even by the enormous overweighting of the risk factor which followed the development of nuclear weapons.

Despite the panic clamor, supported by an unparalleled outpouring of doomsday literature, that everything was changed and that the military profession as we knew it had been consigned to the ashcan of history, the fact became apparent in due course that war, hot or cold, remains a contest between human beings. The nuclear risk factor for our side is quite obviously balanced by an equivalent risk factor for any nuclear-armed opponent—provided he is denied the opportunity to disarm us by surprise. This being attended to by relatively invulnerable deterrent armaments (largely designed and developed by military professionals such as Admiral "Red" Raborn of Polaris fame)

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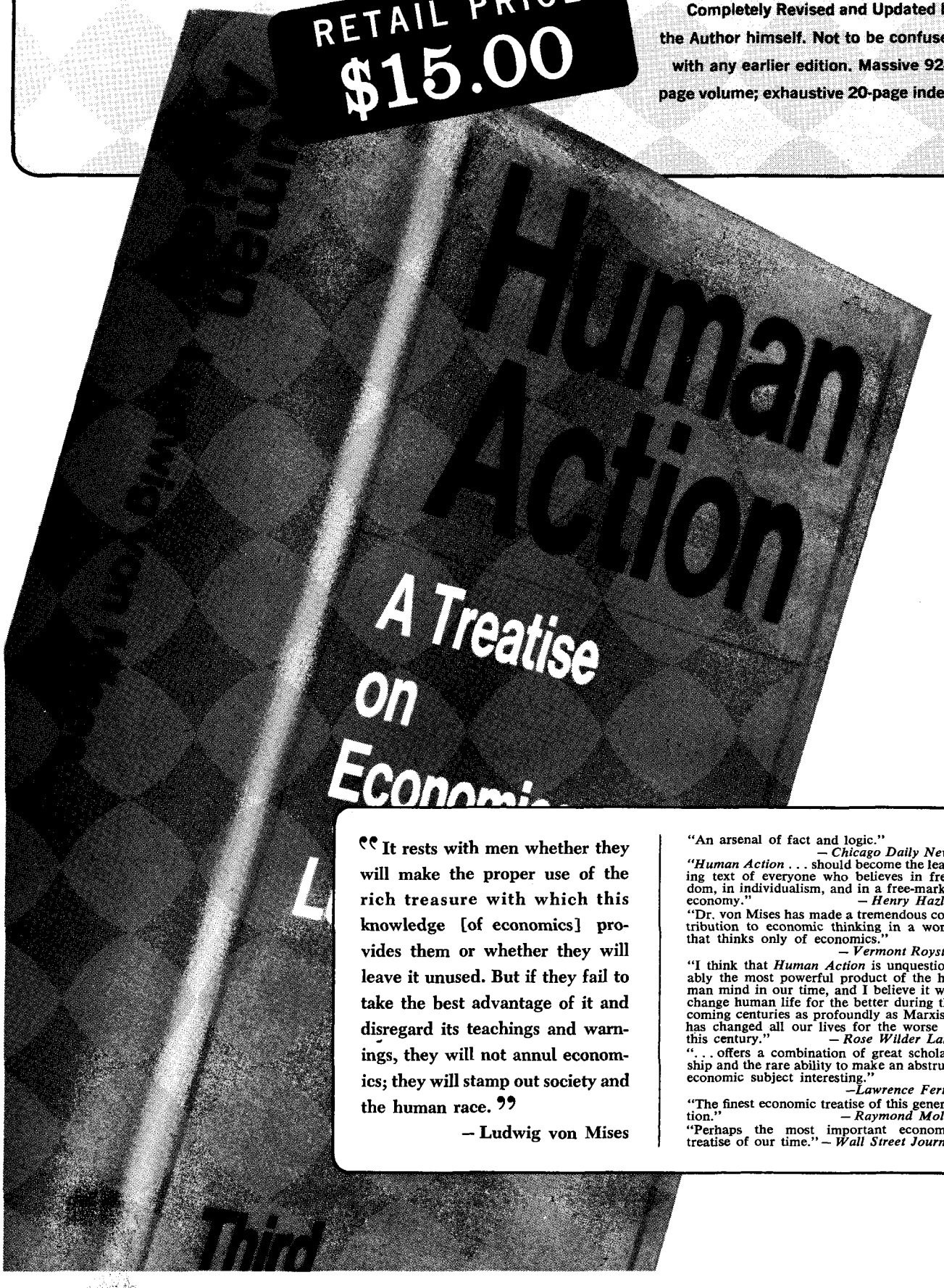

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- Businessmen have ravaged our natural resources in their lust for profit.
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and the credibility of our deterrent posture having been duly validated by the Soviet back-off in the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, it has become possible to accept the idea of the use of organized armed force at two separate levels: 1) nuclear power as a deterrent against nuclear attack, but lacking credibility as a deterrent against any lesser level of violence because of the disproportion of the risk to any conceivable advantage; 2) non-nuclear power for the deterrence or defeat of non-nuclear threats to our national interests.

The effect of the nuclear trauma on our minds has not yet, however, been wholly eliminated. Just because the Soviet Union does possess nuclear weapons in sufficient volume to do hideous damage to our homeland, we still feel a need to avoid "provocative" action. Thus we did not invade Cuba in 1962, and we are today not seeking to subvert the independence of North Vietnam. We have gradually, however, begun to act more decisively in the use of our global superiority in mobile non-nuclear sea, air and amphibious armaments as we begin to realize that nothing we are likely to do at this level of violence will justify in the minds of today's Soviet leaders the acceptance of nuclear risks.

The most troublesome—and potentially dangerous—hangover from the days of doomsday paralysis which is still with us is the lingering notion that the professional judgment of our military leaders should still be kept on a tight civilian leash, even in matters of operational detail. This attitude prevents us from making the most effective use of our large reservoir of talent in the military business of weighing risk against advantage. Since nothing whatever can replace experience and skill when it comes to fighting, the reluctance to make full use of our military brainpower places us at a serious disadvantage when we face a well-led opponent, as we do in Vietnam. We would do well to realize —and act on the realization—that the old and tried principles of the art of war, in which our dedicated professional officers have become skilled through many years of study and experience in the field, are still valid as signposts pointing the road to victory.

"The art of war," wrote the Athenian soldier and historian Xenophon some 2,300 years ago, "is in the last resort a matter of keeping one's freedom of action." This maxim, expounded by a general who commanded an army of foot-slogging spearmen, still applies to the military conditions of the nuclear-haunted twentieth century A.D. Our nuclear deterrent is essentially a means by which we deny the Soviets freedom of action to use their nuclear weapons. It thereby also deflates the nuclear blackmail by which the Soviets seek to restrict our own freedom of action to make effective use of our non-nuclear forces, and does this so successfully that they hardly bother trying it any longer.

And what purpose does our global non-nuclear military mobility serve, save to offset and restrict Communist freedom of action in applying their global political mobility—derived from the world wide deployment of local Communist parties, agents and sympathizers, supplied with surplus Soviet weapons—to violence and subversion directed against the independence of free-world peoples?

These are strategical considerations, but the principle of freedom of action also has tactical validity.

In Vietnam today, for example, we are concerned with denying freedom of action to the enemy in the use of his principal tactical accomplishment —his capability for concealed jungle-and-swamp cross-country movement. We have done this by developing superior tactical freedom of action of our own through the application of

air-mobile infantry and artillery, so that the troop concentrations effected by the enemy through his jungle-trotting are knocked out as soon as they "surface" and before they can accomplish any useful purpose. We have done this repeatedly during 1966—the first year in which we have been able to assemble sufficient force in South Vietnam to make our operations fully effective. We have begun 1967 with a major three-division-level clear-and-destroy operation against the Vietcong base area (the Iron Triangle) just northwest of the capital city of Saigon. The purpose of this operation is to deprive the Vietcong of the freedom of action they previously enjoyed from the undisturbed use of this base area. Indications are that other such base areas will be the objectives of future operations during 1967, a year in which the prospects of rising military accomplishments are considered excellent.

Since we have been militarily concerned, on a scale of ascending activity, with the security of Vietnam ever since 1962, why is it not until 1966 that we have begun to make our presence felt, and why is 1967 the year when at last we are expecting major accomplishments?

The answer is plainly and simply that our professional military leaders have not been given a sufficient voice in the policies we have adopted for the prosecution of the war. Beginning in 1962, when it was decided that Vietnam was basically a military problem, the direction of American policy in that country was turned over to the Secretary of Defense, Robert S. McNamara.

It was an unfortunate choice, and the basic reason why it was unfortunate is summed up in McNamara's own statement after his first visit to Vietnam in 1961: "Every quantitative measurement we have shows we're winning this war."

But the mental and psychological process of weighing risk against advantage is qualitative, not quantitative, in nature. Its decisions take quantities into account, but are basically dependent on marginal judgments. They can never be "quantified" certainties, because no commander ever has complete, accurate, dependable information as to the strength and dispositions of the enemy. The

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element of risk is always present.

Decisions of commanders in the field take into account, as well as "quantitative" factors, such diverse elements as terrain, weather, the quality of hostile troops, the personal characteristics of opposing commanders, the various courses of action which will contribute to the fulfillment of the mission, the capabilities of the enemy to interfere therewith. Even when decision has been reached, the alert commander will always have in mind what he will do if the enemy pulls a fast one on him. This is not a process governed by quantitative measurement. It is for this reason that besides command decisions, decisions in the higher range of military policy which may come to affect, for good or ill, the fortunes of forces in the field, should include a healthy ingredient of professional military advice.

To give a civilian minister full charge of a shooting war in which American soldiers are involved, even marginally, was an error against which all our experience with war should have warned President Kennedy. The only American wartime President fully to adopt this course was James Madison in 1812, with utterly disastrous results until in 1814 the hard facts of battle experience forced to the top such commanders as Jacob Brown (the man who gave the Army back its pride) and Andrew Jackson. In all subsequent wars, until Vietnam, generals in the field have enjoyed a reasonable measure of freedom of action and have been held responsible for results, as also have flag officers at sea. This has become the American military tradition—a consideration which might have weighed with President Kennedy had it been presented to him in that light, but which meant nothing at all to Secretary McNamara, who had been originally appointed Secretary of Defense with a mandate to "tame the brass" and meant to keep on doing just that, war or no war.

So McNamara constituted himself not only the director, but the sole public spokesman of the war, which presently developed into a real shooting war with thousands of American troops in battle and rising casualty lists coming in regularly.

The true and proper relationship of a responsible civilian Secretary to the conduct of a war has rarely been better described than by the late Henry L. Stimson, who was Franklin D. Roosevelt's War Secretary during World War II.

The leadership of an American army in war, wrote Mr. Stimson, "must be military; the confidence of the Army and the country must be confidence in soldiers. Generals who are successful will receive the credit they deserve, and they will receive in addition an uncritical emotional support that has no counterpart in peacetime democratic life. Those who fail must be quietly removed; [but] those who succeed must be publicly acclaimed. The pearl of highest price for a democracy at war is confidence in its military leadership. It thus becomes the duty of the civilian Secretary of War to support, protect and defend his generals."

Unknown Soldiers

Mr. McNamara's wartime conduct has strayed very far indeed from these wise precepts. It is in this fact that the more trenchant criticism of his direction of the war is to be found. Far from giving public acclaim to the generals and admirals who are fighting the war, he has kept them relatively obscure and as much out of public view as he can manage. In so doing, he has denied them that "uncritical emotional support that has no counterpart in peacetime domestic life" of which Mr. Stimson writes, a denial which may indeed be deliberately motivated by a purpose of preventing the gathering of public emotion for the prosecution of the war at a faster rate than Mr. McNamara's quantitative calculations prescribe.

Mr. McNamara has also failed to tap that reservoir of public confidence of which the armed services are the possessors, and which is so essential an ingredient in the successful prosecution of an American war—especially a distant and limited war of which the object is only dimly perceived by the public and which Mr. McNamara most conspicuously lacks the ability to make clear. It may be doubted that it has ever occurred to him, or would be credited if it had, that in war and most especially in a war of this character, the American public very badly needs what may be called a military father-figure, wearing the uniform and dedicated to the tradition to which all American officers of stature are heirs—the tradition of loyalty to the men committed to their care. This is a known loyalty in which the public has instinctive confidence; and that confidence is not transferable to civilian cabinet officers.

Recently, as in 1812, the very pressures and difficulties of the war in Vietnam have brought military figures into greater public visibility, most notably in the case of General Westmoreland, though the Chiefs of Staff are also becoming better known as individuals, largely through the publication of interviews in news magazines. From the operational standpoint, the war is being well and even brilliantly conducted, now that the professionals who understand the weighing of risk against advantage have got firmer hold of the operational end of the business and are gaining some degree of freedom of action from civilian interference.

There are, however, signs that it may be too late to reverse the steady ebbing of public confidence in the conduct and the objectives of the war in Vietnam. It is not too much to say that this circumstance, which in its ancillary domestic results is highly visible to the enemy, may become the chief support of the men of Hanoi in their apparent conviction that they have only to grit their teeth and hang on in order to have their way in the end through the collapse of American will to continue the struggle.

Secretary Stimson was right.

The pearl of highest price for a democracy at war is indeed confidence in its military leadership.

President Lincoln, with his sensitive political instinct, came to understand this and sought tirelessly for the men who could earn and retain that confidence. Franklin D. Roosevelt's first act in World War II was to establish direct personal relationship between himself and his Chiefs of Staff: his commanders-in-chief in overseas theaters became and remained national figures.

Today, with 400,000 Americans fighting in and around Vietnam, the public has as repositories of their confidence only a few dimly seen military figures—and Robert S. McNamara.

It is not enough.

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England's Colonial Legacy—Cricket

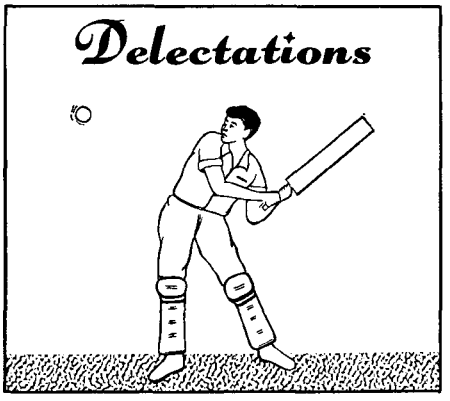
ALEC WAUGH

A few weeks back London newspapers carried photographs of a riot in Calcutta. At a first glance it was a familiar scene: a blazing bonfire, smashed furniture, dark-featured figures gesticulating in long white robes. Yet there was a difference about this riot. It was staged not outside an American embassy or the offices of the British Information Services, but on a cricket field, on the occasion of an international contest—"test match" is the technical phrase for it. Nor was it a demonstration against the unsportsmanlike behavior of the Indians' former masters. The match was between India and the West Indies.

There was no apparent reason for this outbreak. Play had not even started on the second day. The crowd was not protesting against anything. It was simply that too many spectators had been allowed to pass through the turnstiles, that the terraces were overpacked, that the sky was cloudless and that Indians are emotionally inflammable. Perhaps it was less surprising that there should have been a riot than that there should have been such a trial of strength at all between the former subjects of Queen Victoria and the descendants of the slaves whom her ancestors had shipped across the Atlantic from the Guinea coast.

Now that the colonial system is almost dead, it is fascinating to observe what the once-conquering nations have left behind them as a legacy to their former victims. The Romans left their roads and laws. The Turks through the Middle East bequeathed a system of local government with their Kaimakans and Mutassarifs. The Spaniards left their Church and faith. The French planted vineyards. England's compensatory contribution has been the game of cricket.

It is astonishing that it should be so. An exclusively English game that developed during the eighteenth and flowered during the nineteenth century in terms of the English climate and the English caste system (until very recently amateurs and professionals were distinguished from one another as gentlemen and players and until the 1920s players entered the field of play through a separate gate), cricket has never appealed to the Irish, Welsh or Scots; it never attracted Europeans; it had few adherents in the U.S.A. except in Philadelphia (a few years back I paid a pious pilgrimage to Haverford to offer my respects to those heroes of my youth, "Bart" King and Clarke and Morris). But in every former colony with the exception of Canada, whose climate is not suitable, it has taken root— in New Zealand, Australia, Pakistan, South Africa, the West Indies. In Fiji it has furious addicts among the converted cannibals. At the turn of the century it spread to Samoa, although Samoa was then under German rule. So popular did the game become there that a law had to be passed restricting the playing of it to one day a week. Otherwise the crops would not have got harvested; and a German governor was once horrified to see a victorious eleven parading before the British consulate with shouldered bats. He was convinced that a revolt against his authority was being planned.



The West Indians are now world champions. With them the game is a passion. In the wildest part of the Bush, even on the steep slopes of Dominica, you will find a clearing made and a strip of ground leveled off. At all hours of the daylight you will see young men contending against one another, with bats constructed out of palm fronds and balls out of plaited banana leaves. During this current winter while the English, under their rain-filled clouds, are licking their wounds after successive defeats by the South Africans and West Indians, test matches under kindlier skies are being fought out not only in India but in South Africa against Australia. The sun never sets upon the game of cricket.

It is a game of infinite intricacies and countless nuances. It is very difficult to explain it to the uninitiated. The hardest point to explain is that a third of the games that are begun are never finished. So many hours are allotted to each game—in the case of a test match it is thirty hours—and if a game is not finished in that period, it is declared "drawn." Yet a drawn game is a result because neither side has been defeated.

For a great deal of a cricket match, nothing in particular seems to be happening, yet the onlooker is absorbed. I once watched a Democratic convention on TV. I was profoundly bored. Could we not switch it off, I asked, and turn it on when something important happened? They laughed at me. "You can never tell when anything exciting is going to happen. Drama springs up at a second's notice. That's the whole point of watching." "I see," I said. "Just like a cricket match."

I have many reasons for being grateful to my father, but for nothing more than this, that he taught me to love poetry and cricket. Those two loves will stay with me to the end. When people inveigh against the injuries that were inflicted on our colonies, the extortions that we enforced, and the fortunes that we made out of indentured labor in the canefields, I have my answer ready: "At any rate we brought them the game of cricket, which is now the chief solace of their lives."

And yet I sometimes wonder whether it is not on the cricketfield that we are paying the penalty of our overlordship. For the game as I knew it as a boy is not now flourishing in England.

A complicated issue can be presented very simply. In England the field is so often damaged by rain that it was found that three days were sufficient for a single match; under the hot suns of Australia, South Africa and the West Indies, where the ground remains firm and hard for months on end, five days are needed.

(Continued on p. 217)

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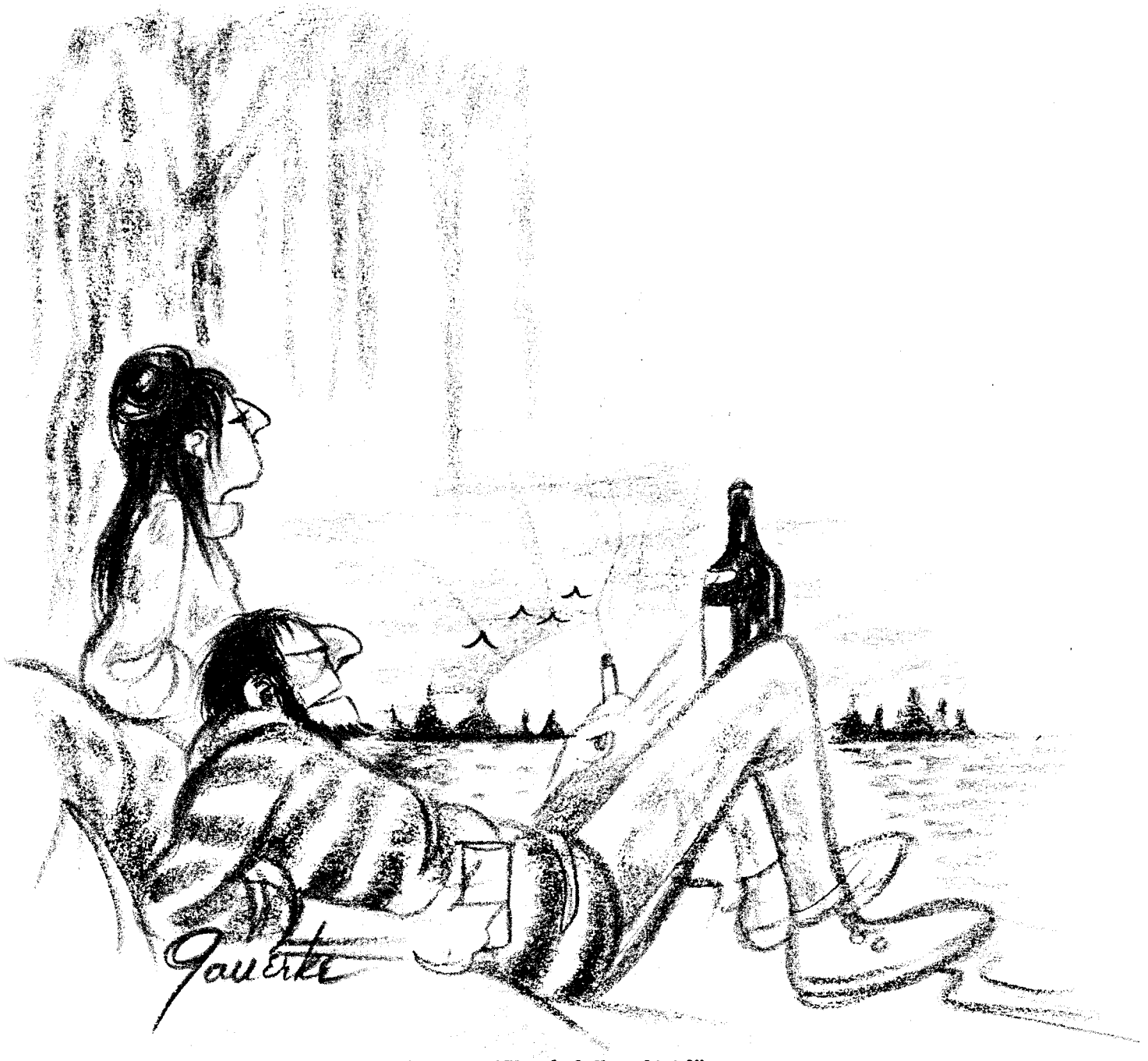
Gauerke ...a cartoon selection

One auspicious day about a year ago, a packet of drawings came over *National Review's* transom. Since then, Mary Gauerke's puckish cartoons have been a regular feature in these pages. Mrs. Gauerke, who lives in Tenafly, New Jersey with her husband and teen-age son, also draws for the *Wall Street Journal, National Observer, The New Yorker* and several regional magazines. To our delight as much as hers, she recently broke into the pages of *Look* magazine. Here are three pages of Gauerke, undiluted and at her best, on Bohemia, protest, the younger generation and other disasters.



"Happiness! What the hell good is it?"

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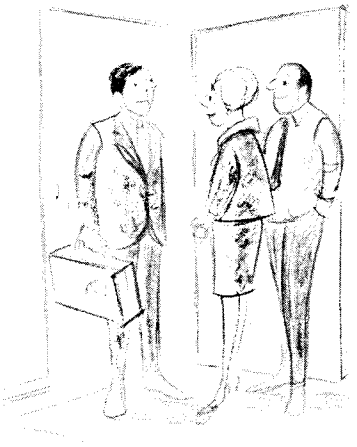
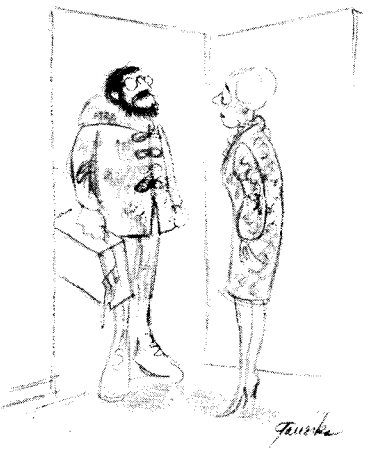
"I can't express myself at home. My parents might pick it up."

IF YOU WISH TO BE BROTHERS LET THE ARMS FALL FROM YOUR HANDS
LOVE, NOT WAR
PEACE BROTHERHOOD CO-EXISTENCE
NOT FEAR BUT LOVE AMONG MEN

"This reactionary element with its bourgeois ideology must be crushed at once!"



September departure



Christmas vacation

"Where would you like to begin?"

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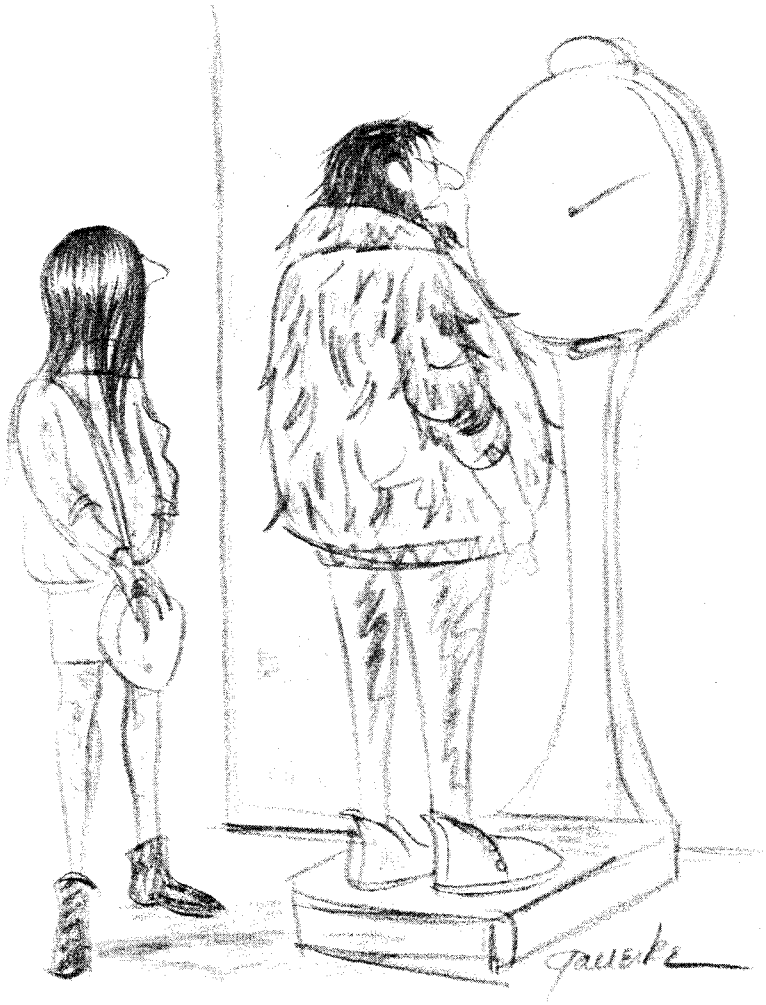

"It happens everytime I swear off pot."

"A few of us are going to bomb the Administration building and hang Ronald Reagan in effigy tonight. May I pick you up about 7:59?"

"—but darling, this was the college of your choice."

"Just because guitars are 'in', doesn't mean guitars are square."

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FROM THE ACADEMY

The Bureau of Public Roads, Devastator

RUSSELL KIRK

Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall notes with alarm that the sonic booms of jet aircraft are knocking down the prehistoric cliff-dwellings of the Southwest. Something ought to be done about that. What's worse still, the federal Bureau of Roads is knocking down living communities of great historical and architectural interest.

In Philadelphia, New Orleans, San Francisco and St. Louis, responsible groups of citizens are protesting strongly against the improper routing and bad design of federal highways; so are similar organizations in San Antonio, Mobile, Atlanta, Charleston, Washington, New Haven and Meriden. If the lamentations of these people can be concerted, Congress and even the bureaucracy governed (nominally) by Mr. Udall may be prevailed upon to desist, or at least to offer more intelligent plans.

Kirk

The National Trust for Historic Preservation has singled out two of these federal highway undertakings for especial remonstrance: the one decreed to pass through the district of Southwark, in Philadelphia, and the Riverfront Expressway that the highway planners mean to run alongside the Vieux Carré, in New Orleans. In these two cases, the state highway departments pretend that they cannot alter their schemes because the federal authorities have the governing voice; while apologists for the Bureau of Public Roads allege that irrevocable decisions are made by the state authorities. The blame should be shared, and much of it allocated to local and national lobbying by highway contractors; yet the federal people seem the more abdurate.

Southwark is an area of eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century houses and charming streets, the destruction of which would be brutal. The projected expressway would sweep much out of its path, overshadow the rest, and annihilate Southwark as a community.

As for the Vieux Carré, everyone knows the unique character of the old French Quarter (which really is Spanish in architecture) of New Orleans. The proposed Riverfront Expressway would not smash through that historic complex—indeed, one purpose of the Expressway is to draw off traffic from the Quarter's jammed streets—but it would overshadow one whole side of the Vieux Carré, as an elevated piece of gigantism, and would spoil Jackson Square (the ancient *place d'armes*) by running across its river side, opposite the Cathedral and the Cabildo.

The indignation of those who love New Orleans is expressed by one resident who writes to me: "For many years, in the previously sleepy old city, the Vieux Carré lived on—a unique American community. In its narrow streets lived the very poor, the very rich, the worker, a truly mixed society somehow belonging together.

"In the last few years, the city fathers have allowed more and more destruction of old buildings and the erection of more and more motels. While at least this was a creeping destruction, the next thing is to destroy the riverfront, facing Jackson Square and St. Louis Cathedral, with an esthetically crushing expressway."

Now New Orleans certainly has a traffic problem, which will grow worse. But is the elevated expressway through Elysian Fields and alongside the French Quarter the only possible solution? Not so, according to some very competent Louisiana town-planners.

The School of Architecture of Tulane University, for instance, has published a careful and detailed study of the proposed elevated expressway, together with an elaborate alternative proposal, which in essence provides for a beltline system encompassing New Orleans, and traffic reforms in the Vieux Carré. Another plan has been drawn up by a young New Orleans urban planner of high reputation, Mr. Ronald Katz: this, the "Canal Street plan," would radically deal with the whole problem of traffic and parking in downtown New Orleans, and would run a truck road along the outer side of the Mississippi floodwall, completely hidden from the Vieux Carré. Either plan seems far more farsighted and imaginative than the grim federally-approved elevated expressway.

Readers who would like more information about the alarming things planned for New Orleans, or who would like to help the hard-pressed defenders of history and civil integrity, should write to the Louisiana Council for the Vieux Carré, Gallier Hall, 545 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans. Much good can be accomplished, too, by joining and supporting the National Trust for Historic Preservation (815 17th Street N.W., Washington, D.C.; membership costs $10 a year).

Write Your Congressman

If the Johnson Administration's speechifying about the restoration of our cities and the beautifying of our highways is something better than cant, it is high time for President Johnson or Secretary Udall to restrain their minions in the Bureau of Public Roads. Perhaps there is more trust to be put in Congress, though. I do hope that a good many people will write to their senators and representatives, asking that Congress deny appropriations for the Southwark and New Orleans projects in their present form—or, if necessary, enact a special bill to prevent the Bureau of Public Roads from disregarding the interest of the citizens who happen to live in the path of some behemoth projected autobahn.

Cities are places to live, not to roar through. It is quite possible, if sometimes difficult, to reconcile the claims of historic community and neighborhood vitality with the claims of efficient transportation. The ruin of San Francisco's Embarcadero by a monstrous elevated expressway should be a monument sufficiently iniquitous to disturb even philistines.

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What Do the Intellectuals Want?

ARNOLD W. GREEN

Isaiah Berlin once classified men of ideas as foxes, who know many things, or hedgehogs, who know one thing. If the idea has any merit, Eric Hoffer is surely a hedgehog. The ultimate reality in his outlook is the drive of every individual to make some kind of scratch on the earth's surface. For some it is satisfied with useful work; for too many others, consumed with "a passionate desire for impressive action," it can never be satisfied. When this constant factor encounters catastrophic change, as in recent history, misfits without a guiding hand emerge who search for a new and important self in mass movements, mass migrations, or mindless protest. The temper of our time is thus impatience. "The future is now, and hope has turned into desire."

With this central theme he explores the clash of generations, automation and leisure, the Negro revolution, man in nature, and the intellectual. The style may be somewhat ponderous and frontal, but Hoffer's work nevertheless is reminiscent of Aldous Huxley's. Accompanied by vast erudition, there is the same juxtaposition of apparently unrelated snippets of history and literature that suddenly reveals new and strange insights. Although some of them are less convincing than others, they appear so often in these densely packed pages that it is impossible to read the book without pencil in hand.

Hoffer's special talent is one for packing a lot into a few words, a talent which can invite rebuttal as well as arouse admiration. The categories employed in unqualified generalization about what is and what is going to be, become, perforce, unwieldy. Ours is a time of juveniles, he says, in which an increasingly younger population around the globe spells trouble for everybody.

The Temper of Our Time, by Eric Hoffer. Harper, $3.95

The large number and proportion of the factually young at the present comprise a threat? But a hundred years ago the median age was even lower than it is now, while the modern teen-ager is a social invention. There were no teen-agers when nineteen-year-old men captained clipper ships and sixteen-year-old women helped run farms and started raising families. The number and proportion of juveniles spell no trouble at all; what does is a condition of tolerated parasitism which confers no real place in the world on the young nor encourages them to do any work in it.

Hoffer shifts ground by making juvenility a state of mind rather than a matter of years, and erases his starting point when he cites oldsters of the past who embarked on one youthfully romantic enterprise or another. Juvenility as temperament is then blamed for a host of modern ills; alternately, the ills are held responsible for the temperament. Militant nationalism, for example, "fosters juvenile manifestations in all sorts of people."

A self-educated intellectual who has been migratory worker and is now longshoreman possesses many advantages. He can ignore the fashionable dicta being peddled by the quiz-masters of academe, go his own way, and measure everything he reads with his concrete knowledge about the workaday world. In an apparent aside to Gunnar Myrdal, Hoffer says that the people he has known and worked with all his life have not the least feeling of guilt toward the Negro. This supposedly white dilemma, and a masochistic white insistence upon the Negro's boundless, timeless grievance, only perpetuates the Negro's dependence. Since all anyone "can expect from others is that they wish us well," the American Negro will never attain freedom and self-respect except by his own efforts.

Hoffer's gratuitous advice to successful Negroes, however, echoes the disappointment and irritation of erstwhile white "friends of the race." The Negro middle class should set about community building among the Negro masses. This is asking a lot. Mutual aid practiced by the various white immigrant blocs was a temporary makeshift that entirely disappeared once the game of individual success took most of them up and out of the slums. As much as anything else, isn't this what the American experience has meant? Anyway, no one is asking the grandchildren of those immigrants to abandon their suburbs, to go back into the slums and build communities with the relatively few of their own ethnic identification who won't or can't make it.

Personal experience, invaluable to him on most counts, may have led him astray on the automation issue. The San Francisco docks are more thoroughly automated than any operation outside an oil refinery. This fact could be the possible source of his wildly improbable claim that 90 per cent of the common people (his term) are going to become unneeded and unwanted as a result of automation. The solution for the problem of mass unemployment he envisions? First, retain free enterprise, which has always

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served the best interests of the common people. Second, establish society as a school. Like the Black Muslims, he wants a separate state—in his case, the state of the unemployed, "and anyone crossing into it would automatically become a student."

Would they want to, any more than the free enterprisers would want to subsidize them? The idea of society as a school is at least as old as Matthew Arnold and Lester Frank Ward, and it remains impracticable. Hoffer is doubtless right when he says that undiscovered talent and genius are abundant in the common people; but it is a general lack of interest and intellectual curiosity rather than of ability that is the rub. The "right accident" of introduction to the life of thought is essential in this country, he says, but the only example he cites is his own happening upon a volume of Montaigne.

Hoffer is nevertheless hard-nosed about intellectuals. He approves of a world in which men of words and men of action retain separate identities, and he deplores the trend in this country of activists becoming intellectuals instead of businessmen. The protagonists of our present age are not America and the Russians but America and the intellectuals—abroad and at home. America is hated throughout the world because its nondoctrinaire business of getting things done, unblessed by words, is an affront to intellectuals, and where American influence penetrates, "the services of the intellectual somehow cease to be indispensable."

The intellectuals at home, not the creative artists but the meagerly endowed, are likewise convinced that the common people are unfit for liberty and self-government. What do the intellectuals really want? Power and lordship. "Even if we should banish poverty from the land, lift up the Negro to true equality, withdraw from Vietnam, and give half of the national income as foreign aid, they will still see America as an air-conditioned nightmare unfit for them to live in." In the face of impassioned protest, he descries the features of a commissar.

Hoffer is a man of sturdy common sense, a patriot who loves an America that has, he proudfully relates, never *given* him anything. Free men, he says, are willing to fight and die for what they know is not perfect, because they also know that "the good life is compounded of half measures, compromises, lesser evils, and gropings toward the perfect." His detestation of utopianism, if one can overlook "society as a school," dominates every page. The aphorisms are fewer than in *The True Believer*, but they are vintage Hoffer. Check those on pages 67, 70, 72, 90 and 92 of this highly recommended book.

Fiction

Fireside Tales for Nasty Weather

GUY DAVENPORT

Here are three novels by very particular craftsmen. Bryher (born Winifred Ellerman) dedicated her autobiography, *The Heart to Artemis* (1962), "to the memory of my master, Stéphane Mallarmé," who, if novels are read in Elysium, must delight in so worthy a disciple. Nigel Dennis, whose *Cards of Identity* came out eleven years ago, seems to write

a novel a decade. And Robert Kelly, one of the best of our modern poets, is turning to the novel for the first time.

Bryher's *This January Tale* is another of her intimate stories about common people whose lives are changed by those forces that are chronicled so neatly and impersonally by the history books. *This January Tale* is about an English soldier at the time of the Conquest. Bryher allows us to see the kitchen, the forge, the marketplace, where the heroics of the battlefield are translated into the misery of shortages and a blur of gossip. By following the agony of a single refugee family from 1056 to 1068, Bryher can suggest the quality and tone of the anguish that the Norman armies brought to England.

"The popular but incorrect view," she says in a preface to the novel, "is that Norman culture in 1066 was superior to that of England." This is a plausible theory if we can find a way to discount Mont St. Michel and the Normans in Sicily, and if we see what Bryher is thinking of when she says *culture*. Her novel shows that she means civilization. The English were not yet medieval; they were something quite different: a people who were cultivating all the arts of staying at home and minding their own business. They were a free people, closer in spirit to Scandinavia than to the cultures of the Mediterranean, and Bryher discloses much of the bent of their hearts when she shows us an emigration to Ireland to escape Norman bureaucracy and (to them) barbarity. Bryher even suggests that her description of the havoc and demoralization of William's invasion is something like what would have happened if the Germans had crossed the Channel in 1940. But the value of Bryher's novel is not its historical thesis but the beauty of its writing. There is a severe, archaic grace to her descriptions, and an unfailing understanding of grief and misery.

Nigel Dennis' *A House in Order* is

This January Tale, by Bryher. Harcourt, $4.50

A House in Order, by Nigel Dennis. Vanguard, $4.95

The Scorpions, by Robert Kelly. Doubleday, $3.95

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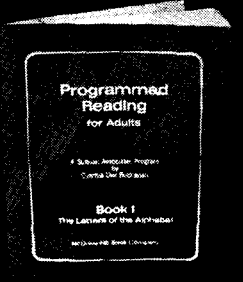

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amazingly close to Bryher's themes. It is also about war and simple people and the strength to endure. But it is a stranger and darker fable. A soldier in some recent war, we are told, was inadvertently not captured with his company. He tried to be, not wanting to be parted from his companions, but could not get the attention of the enemy. He does the best he can: he asks to be captured when he comes to an enemy headquarters. But he is too small an entity to be reckoned with, and is put in an abandoned greenhouse until he can be seen to. Then he is forgotten.

An amateur horticulturist, he spruces up the greenhouse. Guards bring him minimal food. Occasionally officialdom questions him and writes him up, but nothing happens. He survives an awful winter, and keeps his plants alive as well. Without his knowing how, his greenhouse becomes a station in an escape route from the concentration camp nearby. An educated officer begins to amuse himself with the strange prisoner who has, like Robinson Crusoe, made himself an island in the midst of a busy and hostile world. When higher echelons get wind of the prisoner, there are hearings and courts martial, disgraces and inquiries. So difficult is it to explain the harmless, well-behaved prisoner and his greenhouse, that an officer ferrets him away and secretly takes him to his own army. A more meaningful fable of the inviolable uniqueness of the individual has not been written since Kafka prophesied what a private citizen would feel like in a totally authoritarian state.

MR. KELLY'S novel looks peculiar indeed beside these two fables of solicitude. For Mr. Kelly is writing from the point of view of the destroyer rather than the destroyed, and gives us an uncomfortable picture of the will to smash, rather than the will to resist destruction. His narrator is a kind of ultimate monster of the sort our civilization has been spawning since Gothic fiction alerted us to the alienated genius (The Mad Scientist, Roderick Usher and his nerves, Frankenstein). Mr. Kelly's monster is a psychoanalyst who lives as opulently as Dr. No, is as sadistic as James Bond, and as perverse as the crop of assassins that 1966 let loose on a helpless public. He has his own

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KUDOS FROM ACCUMEN FANS

Here are a few unsolicited fan letters from erstwhile doubting Thomases who became solid ACCUMEN partisans. How about you?

Harold Parker, Box 67, Vanceburg, Kentucky
Truly outstanding—beats anything made in this country. I never even use a mirror with the ACCUMEN, because I can actually **hear** when I have a perfect shave. Please send two additional shavers as gifts to friends.

Joel Adler, 2635 Haring Street, Brooklyn, New York
Shaving with the ACCUMEN is a pleasurable experience. I now realize that a close, non-irritating shave **is** possible with an electric. The formidable powerplant, if charged overnight, lasts for two weeks of shaves.

Roger P. Siegel, 2036 E. 22nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio
I consider your ACCUMEN the finest shaver made. It cuts fast and close and produces no razor burn. Your ad is accurate in every detail. You have a superior product.

Harry L. Hooker, Box 11, Glasgo, Connecticut
I am very pleased with the ACCUMEN. It is all you claim it to be and much more. I have recommended it to all my friends. You may count me as a loyal user.

Rev. Wm. H. Hohman, Pastor, Alliance, Ohio
Please send me another ACCUMEN Shaver. This is the third one I have ordered—my friends seem to like them too much. If this keeps up I might become your East Coast representative.

Robert Buckner, 818 N. Doheny Drive, Los Angeles 69, California
There is only one word for the ACCUMEN—"superb". Please send me another one. I want it for my son's birthday.

L. D. Myrah, Williamson Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio
The ACCUMEN is without doubt the best shaver I have ever owned—and I have had at least six different makes.

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religion, a kind of perpetual and puerile Black Mass concocted of astrology, psychoanalysis, bump-reading, and other trash, and proceeds in the manner of the blind leading the blind to advise an hallucinated lady who is convinced that the Martians (or The Scorpions, as she calls them) have landed in the vicinity of Woodstock, New York. There ensues a picaresque adventure that reads like nothing so much as vintage Ellery Queen, with some advanced James Bond to bring it up to date.

What this is all about is a matter of squinting at half-meanings and innuendo. It seems to be a poet's way of saying that an inhuman force *has* been let loose into the world, a subtle brutalization the symptoms of which are everywhere in gratuitous violence, whether of juvenile delinquents or governments or Hell's Angels or the bored gluttony of the LSD cranks. Look up Scorpio in your astrology book, consider the personality of the scorpion (Ibsen kept a pet one, to remind him of humanity), consult the newspaper, and Mr. Kelly's novel loses something of its mysterious opacity. And even if you aren't up to botanizing over a lush garden of symbols, Mr. Kelly offers an entertaining yarn nevertheless, together with the hope that some of the brilliance of his poetry will, in time, spill over into his prose and give us a less mercurial and more coherent novel.

Random Notes

● PROJECTS: *Star,* the film biography of Gertrude Lawrence, goes before the cameras in March. Julie Andrews plays G.L.; Daniel (son of Raymond) Massey is Noel Coward and Robert Wise directs. . . . Newly organized Spartan Productions plans a war-action film with a Vietnam background. . . . David Susskind has bought TV rights to Flanders' and Swann's *At the Drop of Another Hat.* . . . W. W. Norton Co. paid $200,000 for Dean Acheson's still-to-be-written autobiography.

● NOTED: Rabbi Israel Miller, chairman of the American Jewish Conference on Soviet Jewry, has blasted a documentary on Jewish life in the USSR being made there by Israeli producer Margot Klausner. Rabbi Miller calls it "nothing more than another device by the Russian authorities to smokescreen to the world the true condition of its 3,000,000 Jews." Miss Klausner is reported seeking funds and sponsorship for her project in the United States. . . . *In re*: that "climate of hate"—*Books* reports that in Dallas, the average annual per capita expenditure on books is $6, compared with a national average of $2.70.

● ODDMENTS: New York Mayor Lindsay's funsie-poo Parks Commissioner Thomas P. F. Hoving was honored with a special "happening" in a Greenwich Village nightspot. . . . Impresarios and aficionados alike condemn a new Spanish law barring the under-14 set from attending bullfights. The complaint is heard that a whole generation will grow up ignorant of the National Heritage. However, the moppets will have unrestricted access to telecasts of bullfights, gore being less frightful in black-and-white. . . . Late-show addicts are encouraged by Otto Preminger's negotiations with ABC Television for broadcast rights to *Man with the Golden Arm.* At his insistence, the film will be shown uncut and he himself will decide where breaks for commercials will be inserted. . . . The Smithsonian plans to move to its grounds a genuine slum tenement, lock, stock and gloom. Slum odors will be duplicated with chemicals, and the real-live rats will be caged during off-hours. The *N.Y. Times* quotes a Smithsonian official as opining that "the slum has played a major role in American life, perhaps a more important role than even the log cabin."

The Passional 'I'

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

NINETEEN SIXTY-SIX will no doubt be remembered as the year in which Rome abandoned the *index librorum prohibitorum* and in the United States nine old men volunteered to spend their declining years reading dirty books, on the dubious assumption that age and black robes qualify one for special discernment in these matters. Not much new is ever learned in Rome but from time to time ancient errors are put aside. Our nine old men have staked out claims, however, on the high ground where fools rush in and angels fear to tread.

And so the discussion of pornography will be with us for yet another season. Admittedly there is not much new to be said on the subject. Messrs. Steiner and Girodias in *Encounter* have been able to get a few thousands words out of a threadbare theme, but it is pretty obvious that unless the debate concerning pornography can be made to bear on other and more important issues the debaters will be stuck with the pornographers' dilemma of saying the same old thing over and over again. Clergymen and judges have made a good thing of repetition but intellectuals generally require the challenge of novelty.

Vom Elend der Literatur, by William S. Schlamm. Stuttgart: Seewald Verlag, DM $17.80

The importance of William S. Schlamm's new book, *On the Wretchedness of Literature: Pornography and Commitment (Vom Elend der Literatur: Pornographie und Gesinnung),* lies in the fact that it points beyond the tawdry subject of pornography to contemporary social and literary concerns of the highest moment. These concerns are chiefly two: a discussion of the responsibility of the critic for the wretched condition of the arts in contemporary society, and a discussion of censorship and the limits of state power.

Schlamm does not doubt that pornography is a danger in society but he does insist that the definition of pornography is a critical rather than

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a legal problem and that only those who resist the all-powerful state can logically be opposed to literary censorship. There is a deep inconsistency in those who believe in the intrusion of the state into every nook and cranny of human endeavor, who see the state as the mother of all the virtues and the patron of all the arts and sciences, and who would then refuse to permit it to act as literary arbiter. The Supreme Court was simply acting in consonance with its liberal penchant for muddled metaphysical meddling when it decided to make men good in spite of themselves not by punishing the deed but by censoring the thought.

Even poor, dull, nervous little Mr. Ginzburg, the erstwhile publisher of *Eros* Magazine, was smart enough to see that the action of the United States Supreme Court resembled the trial of Daniel and Sinyavsky in the Soviet Union. Indeed, both cases spring from the same petulant fear on the part of the collectivist state that some aspect of the life and thought of the individual will, in its integrity, pass unpulverized between the hither and the nether millstones of the welfare state. Censorship must be opposed, Schlamm tells us, not because we think pornography is harmless but because we consider censorship immoral. There are limits to the power of the state and only those who recognize these limits can logically argue against censorship.

More important than the question of censorship is the discussion of the decline of criticism which has fostered, in Schlamm's view, the development of a pornographic consumer's literature. "No literature is possible without a conception of Paradise; . . . without a confrontation between the given and the possible." However, the contemporary intellectual situation is one in which both Paradise and Utopia are "dead." Once transcendental blessedness and Utopian bliss are beyond the reach of man, only sensate satisfaction remains as a literary objective. The contemporary intellectual situation in which both Utopia and Paradise have been rejected is only one of a number of possible literary climates. It is the dominant mood because anti-humanistic *avant-garde* literary criticism has made it dominant.

These critics, Schlamm argues, are forced back upon a so-called "scien-

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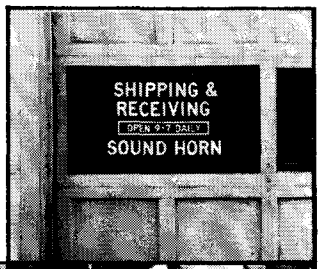

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tific objectivity," a cult of expertise, and an emphasis upon the sensate and sensual, because they are unable to construct satisfactory ideological and epistemological systems. They are "arrested Communists," whose sympathies are on the Left but who cannot, because of the historical experience of Bolshevism and because of the rejection of Communism by contemporary society, become Communists and retain their audience. However, the critic remains a revolutionary, attacking every institutional and ideological structure in society without being able, as the great Marxian critics of the past were able, to offer an alternative. Literature is pornographic because, were it to raise ideological and transcendent questions, it would force the critic to disclose his Communist identification: a commitment which contemporary society finds unacceptable. The critic consequently stresses the "non-ideological," formal, and technical aspects of literature.

This is an interesting and sophisticated explanation of the contemporary literary situation, argued with great verve and dash in an explosive and idiomatic German without equal in modern German criticism. No doubt its strength both as exposition and explanation lies in the element of truth it contains.

Still, one is left with a great many unanswered questions. The relationship between critic and artist and critic and audience is a reciprocal relationship. The critic serves as a link, as a middle-man between the artist and his audience, and unless the critic can find resonance in the wider reading public he can not make even pornography a literary success. The fact is that the contemporary mood, the climate of opinion, is not the creation of the artist, the critic or the reading public; it is a shared consensus. I suspect that overt sexuality plays such an important role in literature today because men are turning away from social issues and collective dreams to the intensely personal and the private; that the mood is indeed anti-ideological and that this mood is not simply the creation of "arrested Communists." Among modern critics there are as many "arrested Christians" as there are "arrested Communists."

From the mid-eighteenth century, personalism and collectivism in Western society have been engaged in the most intense of debates, with now the one and now the other gaining ascendancy. Since the collapse of the great ideological systems, personalism seems to have gained an absolute dominance in the artistic and psychological realms, while voluntarism (despite surface appearances) is beginning to replace ideological and physical coercion in the social and technical-collective realms. Schlamm is correct in pointing out the fact that the literary tradition in the West has been social and political. Today that is no longer the case, but, before we decide that this state of affairs is wholly decadent, let us admit the importance of the personal and the private as the last stronghold of the integrity of the individual.

It is this solitary ego, this passional I, this imperfect self, which will finally throw down all the false gods of race, history and society and reassert the primacy of the person. Sexuality, even in its most degraded form, is a reassertion of personal integrity and an affirmation of personal choice in a world whose ideology and technique has become increasingly anti-human and mechanical. The fountains of the deep have been broken up, but is it not just possible that from them will issue "a river whose waters give life"?

Television

A Plethora of Angles

C. H. SIMONDS

AN ANCIENT RELATION of mine insists from out there in her dotage that the shadows on the television screen can see *her* (e.g., "Why, there's Les Crane! I haven't seen him in years—I wonder if he remembers me?"). For the time being, at least, she's mistaken—although the network executives *think* they can hear *us* chortling, chuckling, tittering, gasping, groaning, snoring and otherwise reacting to their nightly fare. My own position on The Ratings is one of surly churlishness: I keep wishing they'd call me, that I might spoil their pretty curves.

But, stay! Those mysterious charts have sent the programmers into frenzies hitherto undreamed of. This year's "second season," which will be underway by the time this reaches print, is blessed by the absence of such ratings-chart losers as Roger Miller (dumbness!), that painful Garry Moore hour, the execrable *Run, Buddy, Run* and *12 O'Clock High*, which should have been permitted a dignified death at the close of the 1965-66 season. My own nominee for the absolutely worst show of the season, *It's About Time* (these two astronauts get stranded in this prehistoric era, see, and there's all these funny cavemen, see, and one of them is Imogene Coca, see . . .) is faring badly in the ratings and will probably not be renewed in 1967-68.

To be sure, the replacements in-

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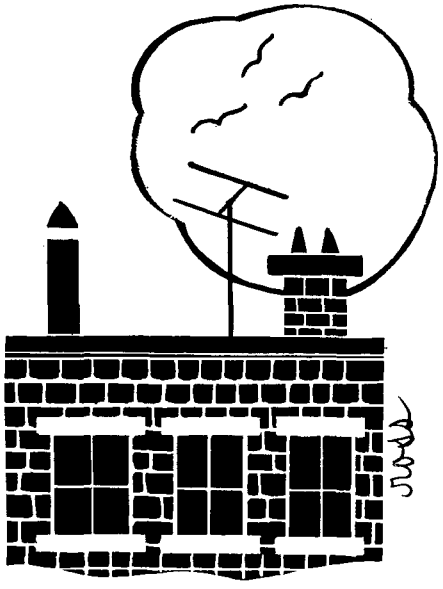
clude what promises to be the usual share of pap—including *The Invaders*, yet another unscience-fiction effort; a revival of *Dragnet* (why is television so necrophilic?), a bundle of cheapie game shows and two spoofish super-heroes of the comic book persuasion, *Mr. Terrific* and *Captain Nice*. But the last-mentioned could be sleepers, similar to that secretly-for-grownups daytime cartoon, *Roger Ramjet*. CBS gives the Smothers Brothers another chance in an hour variety format which, hopefully, will display them to better advantage than did last year's constricting situation comedy. And best of all, *The Avengers*, a British import which was the surprise rage of the summer replacements, will return to ABC Friday nights—because, the network confesses with unwonted candor, of pressure from viewers. From this early vantage point, the second half of this TV season looks like more of the same, with an occasional bright spot.

On closer examination, this season's midway shakeup turns out to be the most extensive in recent years, with 25 of the 49 prime-time half-hour slots affected by replacements or time shifts. Of the 33 new series launched last September, fully a dozen have been axed—a record mortality rate. Of those new series, a



mere three emerged on top of the ratings in their time periods: *Iron Horse, Family Affair,* and *Tarzan.* ABC, the network which committed itself most heavily to new shows last fall, has since run a consistent poor third in the Nielsens; NBC and CBS, which relied on old standbys and movies instead of new material, have been far ahead, fighting for first place.

Of course, statistics can be used to prove anything—witness the three networks' public clamorings—but it should be noted that in the first three months of this season, network specials earned an average Nielsen of 22.4 (whatever in the world that's supposed to mean), telecast movies rated 20.7 and conventional series, only 17.5. It may be grasping at straws, but maybe, just possibly, a number of people enjoy watching something other than episodic infant formula.

Anyway, whatever the occult significance of the three-way horserace may be, the "second season" shuffle indicates that television once again seeks a New Angle. In this connection, viewers with obstinately long memories will recall that the 1966-67 season was supposed to mark the coming of Serious Drama to video. That was in another land, folks, and the wench is dead: NBC and Xerox have dropped the six *Theater Festival* specials scheduled for this spring; *CBS Playhouse* premieres in February and bows out in March after a stunning total of two appearances; *The Glass Menagerie* ran in December; *Ivanov* will be aired in June, and the less said about ABC's *Stage '67,* the better. Drama seems to be out; if the networks manage to escape from the serial ratrace, they will succeed only in hanging themselves up on some other hook: perhaps movies or perhaps . . . worse.

Movies on television are all very well, but the networks, with their sad penchant for overdoing, now offer them six nights a week with the recent addition of ABC's Wednesday night film. So insatiable has the programmers' lust for movies become, that films are now being made expressly for network airing, with the hope that high production costs can be recouped through subsequent screening in theaters abroad and, perhaps, here. The first such product of the present season, *Fame is the Name of the Game,* did dandily in the ratings last November: NBC will air eight more such this year, and has a long-range contract for thirty. Can the momentum be sustained? One suspects that too heavy a diet of films will soon pall, and new alarms will be heard in the networks' offices as yet another New Angle is sought

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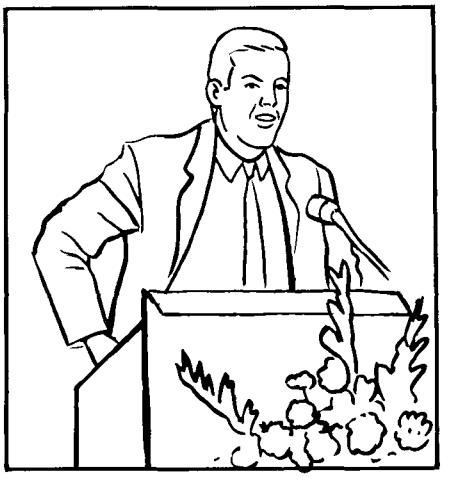

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—because who dares to hope that television will ever settle down enough to offer an agreeably various array of refreshing material?

And now, viewers, comes the Newest Angle of Them All—The Classics! Yet, those b**ks that have been mouldering in l*br*r**s for lo, these many televised years. Back last summer, this column urged that Hanna-Barbera Productions be restrained lest they butcher more good books as they did *Alice in Wonderland* in their animated televersion. Honor me not, but NBC has contracted with H-B for a cartoon series to be called, alas, "The Further Adventures of Huck Finn." (I had always thought that Huckleberry Finn was one of the few books that, by God, *end.*)

Now comes news of a survey by the PiQ rating service which indicates that the viewers out there would just love to see some Classics adapted for video serialization. (Just to be sure that everybody knew what everybody was talking about, PiQ provided "brief word summaries of the storyline" of each book—I'd like to see them!) Of the 25 Classics listed, Huck led all the rest; close behind were *Robinson Crusoe, Last of the Mohicans, House of the Seven Gables* (I'd really like to see those word summaries), *Jane Eyre, Ivanhoe* and *An American Tragedy* (I really would). In last place, by the way, was *The Ambassadors.*

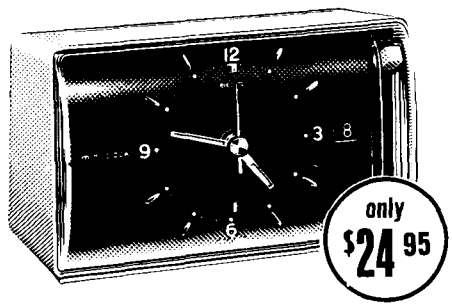
Blasphemy beats boredom and the Disney approach could do genuine wonders with Cooper or Stevenson or Dumas. *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights* would make excellent soap operas—and Talent Associates is peddling just that treatment of them to NBC. The BBC deftly rearranged Shakespeare's history plays into an outstanding series of thirteen half-hour segments, and hewed to the text, please. American commercial television has never been much for hewing, though: one suffers wracking night-visions of an updated Tom Jones batting about in a Plymouth Barracuda; of *Green Mansions* dying from an overdose of Relevance; of *The Last Days of Pompeii*, like the trials of Dr. Paul Bryan, never quite coming to a head, of The Classics taking it square in the groin as the darkness fills with the soft clicking of channel selectors in search of new angles.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Men and Moments, by Henry J. Taylor (Random House, $4.95). Henry Taylor is known to readers of some 165 American newspapers as a hard-hitting columnist of conservative persuasion. In this book, compiled chiefly from his non-political writings over the past five years, he reveals himself as something more: a student of life in all its aspects, a direct participant in many great events, an effective man with an historical parallel or striking fact. The essays cover face-to-face encounters with some of the giant figures of our era, on-the-scene coverage of major happenings, reflections on art and culture, synopses of ancient and recent history. Newsman and former ambassador himself, Mr. Taylor is drawn to the versatile—Leonardo, Jefferson, Goethe, Balzac. His knowledge of men and events is prodigious, his pace is quick, his imagery vivid. An epigram he applies to MacArthur's oratory describes his own prose to perfection: "Short sentences based on long experience." Which makes for good and lively reading. M. S. EVANS

Inside South America, by John Gunther (Harper, $7.95). Reading along with John Gunther is exhausting business. The names, facts, statistics, and generalities come at you like a herd of stampeding Longhorns. Anyone who can profitably handle more than a hundred pages at a stretch is a better man than I. Now Mr. Gunther has "done" ten countries of South America and the result is the usual one-third guidebook, one-third economic and political fact sheet, and one-third inquiring reporter. While the attentive student of Latin American affairs will probably cringe at the frequent over-simplification or the occasional error of fact and interpretation, anyone wishing a reasonably up-to-date briefing on South America will probably find the book invaluable. Where else can you find out the price of fitting an intra-

SOME PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU'RE CUCKOO TO PAY $25 FOR "JUST" A CLOCK



They're the same people who don't mind living with "the approximate" time or walking into a Five-and-Dime every six months to buy another new $8.95 wind-up tick-tock.

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uterine device in Chile? Regrettably, the political slant is of the Fulbright, "the-continent-is-on-the brink-of-revolution," brand. Perhaps if Mr. Gunther had bothered to include a few of Latin America's increasingly influential business leaders on his lengthy list of interviewees he would have tempered his bow a bit. For those who can't make it through the first 527 pages, much of the material is presented in tabular form in six pages at the back. J. B. BENDER

BASIC TACTICS, by Mao Tse-tung (Praeger, $4.95). At 73, Mao has not begun again to write on guerrilla warfare. He leaves that to his close comrade-in-arms, Comrade Lin Piao. No, Mao is not now writing—he's too busy inspiring—but Griffith and Schram have discovered some of Mao's 1938 lecture notes and so, of course, have come out with a new book on guerrilla warfare, which is the 1967 equivalent in the publishing business of Lincoln's mother's dog. There is not much new here and certainly nothing new in Mao's contribution. Griffith's foreword is more of the same. Schram's introduction plows over old ground. Schram does tend to overstress the Chinese element in Mao's strategy, while at the same time tending to support Schwartz, who was easily outpointed by Wittfogel in their encounter on "Maoism" a few years back. Schram compares the current cultural revolutionary madness in China to the Stalinist era. That's good, but not good enough. Save the fin. W. D. JACOBS

THE JURY RETURNS, by Louis Nizer (Doubleday, $6.95). Most forensic prose is even worse than Dreiser's, but Mr. Nizer can and does do justice to the inherent elegance and drama of Law. Consistency of prose, however, is not necessarily consistency of pose. *The Jury Returns* consists of four parts; three court cases and an antepenultimate study of the chaos of our extant divorce laws. Of these, the most spectacular is the suit of John Henry Faulk against AWARE, which takes up nearly half the book. W. S. Gilbert wrote of making the punishment fit the crime; Mr. Nizer sometimes has the philosophy fit the client. The book's

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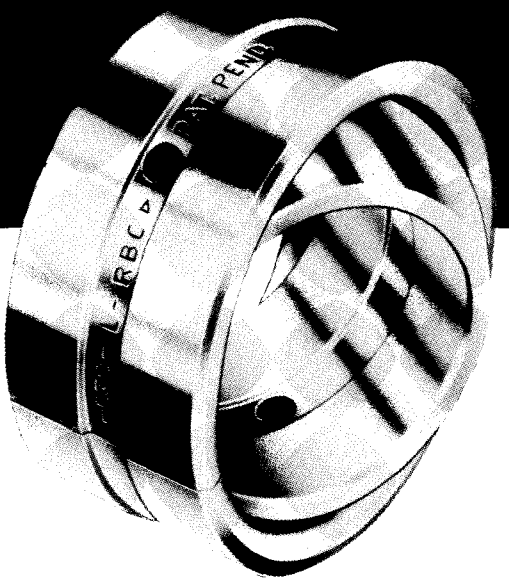

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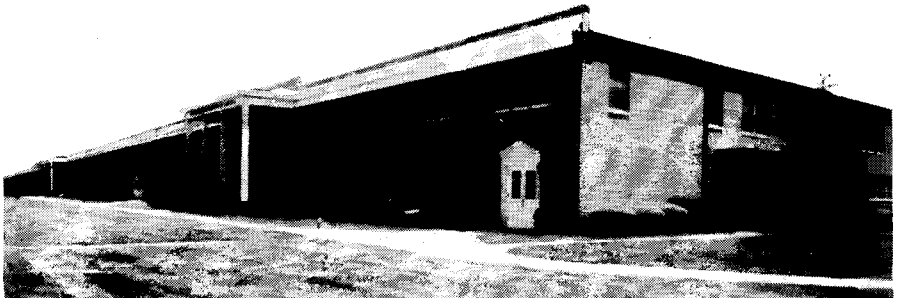

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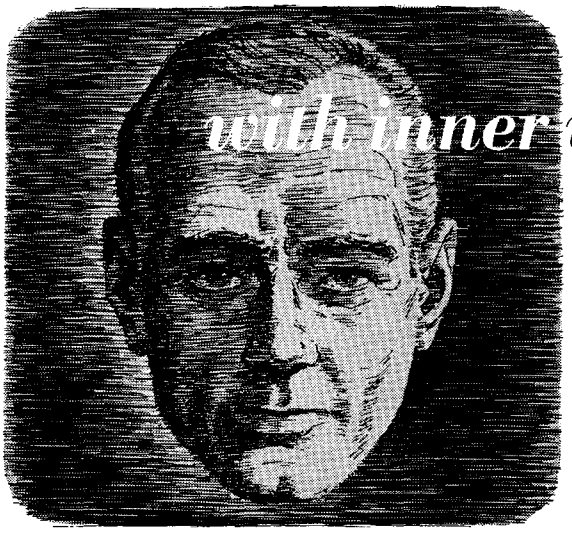

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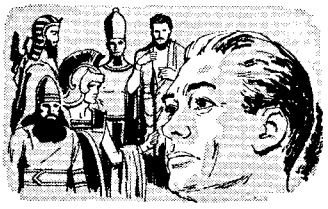

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first case, for example, involves Nizer's success in getting commuted the death sentence of a vicious murderer who had made a singular rehabilitation while in prison. Mr. Nizer quite properly defends the principle of "redemption being possible in life as well as in death." Now, let's leapfrog to the Faulk case: ". . . I have always believed that a man's acceptance of Communism (provided it was not an uninformed, short-lived youthful indiscretion) renders him unworthy of trust, even when he later becomes a professional anti-Communist . . . Any man who could adopt such a credo has a defect of character which is not likely to be cured by disillusionment." The exceptions to this neo-Calvinist absurdity are too numerous to catalogue. What price consistency?

J. D. KIRWAN

CASE HISTORY OF THE SMEAR BY CBS OF CONSERVATIVES, by Irving G. McCann (McCann Press, $1). On Nov. 13, 1963, Congressman James Utt of California was the target of a "documentary" by CBS. He brought suit for libel. Meanwhile the *Sullivan* decision hove into sight, in effect depriving "public figures" of the rights that private persons possess to defend themselves against misstatement. McCann was Utt's attorney. Here, disappointed with the rebuff earlier this year suffered at the hands of a New York jury, McCann takes his case to the general public. I buy it. McCann's book is a valuable (if verbose) analysis of the techniques of movie photography, montage, and the cutting room.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (February 7)

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The prime minister's street, London	39 192 94 31 141 61 164
B. A landmark, Paris	49 71 114 148 165 119 125 136 193 3 139
C. The Devil!	70 202 87 110 6 159 185
D. Most frequent	82 51 32 92 158 115 10 177
E. Article of furniture (two other such articles combine to make this word)	108 2 7 12 47 53 149 156 168 184
F. A game	116 65 13 40 142 88
G. Street in Berlin with Johnsonian-sounding name	143 38 72 86 100 152 162 201 111 120 4 78 128 22
H. Abated	150 68 171 35 144
I. Christ's route to Golgotha	29 186 5 73 126 161 166 170 189 203 66
J. A siege	60 9 91 99 137 155 54 63 77 101
K. A type of saints	67 129 16 41 56 194 163 169 122
L. A crustacean dish named by Napoleon after the month it was first served to him	90 8 55 79 97 103 105 121 132 138 147 154 174 200 11 27

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. One who substitutes vague expressions for those thought to be harsh or blunt	96 80 179 102 76 134 17 45 33
N. Division into two parts, kinds, etc. (plural)	130 106 20 34 37 84 146 48 123 151 175
O. A forest northeast of London	133 81 104 42 50 62
P. The working parts of a watch	176 43 140 199 59 89 107 187
Q. A chiefly aquatic insectivore that is also called potamogale	178 131 135 195 167 182 85 173 28 160
R. Would a Chinaman go hungry if he had only one?	197 98 153 183 93 25 109 36 157
S. A decomposed bit of fruit that could ruin a barrelful	15 181 191 196 19 23 118 26 75 127 145
T. There's nothing funny about having this in your eye	172 64 69 74 113 117 124 198 14 18 24 52
U. A type of lady	57 95 21 180
V. At twelve meridian the day before	188 112 204 1 30 190 44 46 58 83

See page 214 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 V	2 E	3 B		4 G	5 I	6 C	7 E	8 L	9 J	10 D		11 L	12 E	
	13 F	14 T	15 S		16 K	17 M	18 T	19 S		20 N	21 U	22 G	23 S	24 T	25 R		26 S	
27 L	28 Q	29 I	30 V	31 A	32 D		33 M	34 N	35 H		36 R	37 N	38 G	39 A	40 F	41 K	42 O	
43 P	44 V	45 M		46 V	47 E		48 N	49 B	50 O		51 D	52 T	53 E	54 J		55 L	56 K	
57 U	58 V	59 P	60 J	61 A	62 O		63 J	64 T	65 F	66 I	67 K		68 H	69 T	70 C		71 B	
72 G		73 I	74 T	75 S	76 M	77 J	78 G	79 L		80 M	81 O	82 D	83 V		84 N	85 Q	86 G	
87 C	88 F	89 P	90 L	91 J	92 D	93 R		94 A	95 U	96 M	97 L	98 R	99 J	100G		101J	102M	
103L		104O	105L	106N	107P	108E	109R	110C	111G	112V		113T	114B		115D	116F	117T	
118S	119B	120G	121L	122K		123N	124T		125B	126I		127S	128G	129K	130N		131Q	
132L	133Q	134M		135Q	136B		137J	138L	139B	140P	141A	142F	143G	144H	145S		146N	
147L		148B	149E	150H	151N	152G	153R	154L		155J	156E		157R	158D	159C	160Q	161I	
162G	163K	164A	165B		166I	167Q		168E	169K	170I	171H	172T	173Q	174L	175N	176P		
177D	178Q		179M	180U	181S	182Q	183R	184E	185C	186I	187P	188V		189I	190V		191S	
192A		193B	194K	195Q	196S	197R	198T	199P	200L	201G	202C	203I	204V					

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WAUGH

(Continued from p. 198)

With some reluctance England has been forced to adopt the policy of five days for a test match in England, although the counties continued to limit themselves to three. The tempo and temper of a five-day match are different from those of a three-day one, and as the public prefers the long drama of a five-day test match between countries, the county grounds are empty.

In a curious way it is a reversal of the old colonial system under which the home county acquired raw materials from the colonies, turned them into manufactured goods and forced the colonists to buy them. Exactly the opposite has happened here. We exported the game of cricket, the colonies turned it into another game, sent it back to us and made us play it their way. Hoist with our own petard.

LETTERS

(Continued from p. 174)

Mr. Ballantine has been an able professional career man with a long and honorable record in the Foreign Service of our government. He is an "old China hand" in relation to the diplomacy that brought about the attack on Pearl Harbor and to the subsequent operations devoted to obscuring the responsibility for this act. He served along with Dr. Stanley K. Hornbeck as adviser to Cordell Hull on Far Eastern affairs.

He and Hornbeck had as their principal duty supplying Hull with suggestions as to how he should formulate what William Henry Chamberlin has so accurately and felicitously described as the Sadducean "platitudes, beatitudes and banalities" by means of which Hull stalled off through more than forty meetings with the Japanese Ambassador and his associates the really sincere efforts of the Japanese to arrive at a reasonable solution of Japanese-American relations through negotiation.

I was surprised to read his letter on the Pearl Harbor articles (*NR*, December 13) and was especially amazed at his attack on poor Admiral Beatty, who had written nothing whatever reflecting on Hull or the Administration in their approach to Pearl Harbor. His article was no more than a precious historical memoir which deserved respectful preservation. It could have been written exactly as it appeared if Admiral Beatty had been a vehement anti-Revisionist. To assail Admiral Beatty is as outright unfair as the material used to do so is irrelevant and unsupported by facts. It was my Introduction to the Beatty article, which the Admiral had never read, and Greaves' article, that might have nettled Mr. Ballantine, and we were the ones he should have attacked, if anybody. He should apologize to Admiral Beatty.

Both Mr. Greaves and myself designated Hull's ten-point Note of November 26, 1941, to Tokyo as an *ultimatum*. That is exactly what it was and intended to be and has been so recognized by realistic students of Pearl Harbor for a quarter of a century. That Hull, himself, so regarded it is proved by the fact that, on the day after he sent it, he announced that negotiations between Japan and the United States had come to an end and that the handling of Japanese-American relations had been handed over to the Army and Navy (Stimson and Knox: Marshall and Stark). Moreover, and this may be a "new one" for even Mr. Ballantine, Admiral Kimmel showed me a handwritten letter that could not have been faked or altered in typing that proved that Hull, himself, had called his Note of November 26 an ultimatum.

There may still be some points about Pearl Harbor which are not yet finally settled but there is one which is definitely established as well as anything can be within the realm of human credibility and proof: the Japanese sincerely desired peace from the time of the Walsh-Drought Mission of January 1941, to the last reconnaissance of Admiral Nagumo's scouting planes and submarines before his bombing planes left their carriers to attack our fleet at Pearl Harbor.

They may have wished peace for as yet undetermined good or evil reasons, but their proposals were fair and just and provided protection of all legitimate American interests and responsibilities in the Far East. Indeed, in the case of the rejected Konoye proposals, the Japanese Prime Minister agreed to accept in advance of any meeting with Roosevelt the four basic points that Hull had laid down in the spring of 1941 as the indispensable preliminary to any settlement with Japan. But when Konoye called his bluff Hull abandoned his pretense and revealed his deviousness.

Malibu, Cal. HARRY ELMER BARNES

El Cordobés in the Afternoon

Since moving away from the Border, I have made many attempts to find out about the "real" El Cordobés. All reports, including those from *Time* Magazine and a U.S.-publishing bullfight critic, have been "Great-Magnificent."

Now, from NATIONAL REVIEW, in which we can expect truth about world affairs, we have also found truth about the Brave Festival [Jan. 10].

Thank you, Peter Crumpet and NATIONAL REVIEW.

Crescent City, Cal. MAVIS BECKNER

Principles & Heresies

A sentence in my column, "Accent the Negative," appearing in the issue of Feb. 7, implied the exact opposite of what I had written, owing to a typographical error. What I actually wrote was, "But if conservatives are to be true to the conservative vision, their program cannot *but* be essentially negative, insofar as government action to remedy social situations is concerned." The word "but" was left out.

Woodstock, N.Y. FRANK S. MEYER

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Escalation, or Supreme Court You Better Watch Out: An **"End the Draft"** Committee ad in *National Guardian* (Feb. 4) threatens to take the case of draft-dodger **David Miller** to "the UN and the World Court" if the U.S. Supreme Court doesn't reverse his sentence. (Miller started serving five-year term last week). . . . **Stokely Carmichael** has signed mutual cooperation pact with MPI (Movement for Puerto Rican Independence). SNCC will bring up question of Puerto Rican independence before colonialist committee of UN this spring if MPI brings up plight of Afro-Americans in U.S. before whatever committee is relevant (there must be one) . . . . **UN Committee on Apartheid,** without going to formality of General Assembly vote, has asked U.S. Government to stop a Chase Manhattan loan to South Africa on grounds that it will "strengthen the military arsenal for suppression of the African population." . . . Advice from shirker and former VISTA worker **Richard Paterack,** to would-be draft dodgers: When trying to cross Canadian border do so at peak hours, try to "appear neat and honest." . . . According to *Sunday Ramparts,* a French instructor at Columbia University has set up a service to match'n'marry draftable young men to single girls (Pregnant and un-). . . . *Ramparts* (parent to *Sunday Ramparts*) incidentally is listed in monthly report of Society of Magazine Writers as "basically a liberal Catholic magazine [that] wants to keep its Catholic slant. . . . It buys a lot of pieces about renegade priests."

■ What about **Adam Clayton Powell Jr.**? Harris poll finds 68 per cent of Americans approve his ouster as chairman of House Education and Labor Committee; 54 per cent believe he shouldn't have been seated. Interesting sidelight: 20 per cent of Negroes questioned approved his ouster as chairman, only 35 per cent objected. . . . In Senate, eyebrows being raised over brashness of Illinois Senator **Chuck Percy** (in Senate freshmen are expected to be seen, not heard); he's being dubbed "the **Republican Bobby Kennedy.**" . . . Keeps cropping up: the name of Ohio Gov. **John Rhodes** in all those iffy stories about what will happen in Convention

Punch Ben Roth Agency

"They comfort themselves with the lie that we're in a state bordering on revolution: that's how scared the Western Capitalists are."

Hall in '68 ifnixonstopsromneystopsreaganstopspercystopsrocky — then who? Rhodes?

■ French Institute of Public Opinion poll taken six weeks before national election found 40 per cent in favor of **Communist ministers** in French cabinet, only 24 per cent opposed; also 51 per cent believe that Party has performed "useful actions" since 1944. . . . It's the Elysée not Mad. Ave.: At formal gathering of leading French journalists to wish Pres. **de Gaulle** a Happy New Year, the General insulted the lot, called them *voyeurs* because, he said, what they wrote today had little importance and was forgotten tomorrow. . . . Equally badmaking pr-wise, the General's failure to turn up at formal opening of election campaign at which all of the **UNR** (Union of the New Republic) candidates were presented to the nation. Seems that Himself is not a member of Himself's party. . . . French press waxing wroth over finding by U. of Missouri team that France ranks thirteenth in the world in press freedom (U.S. was rated sixth, Albania last).

■ Four Hungarian bishops (one under house arrest) have submitted their resignations to **Pope Paul** according to his suggestion that the over-75ers do so. Question: does this mean that **Cardinal Mindszenty,** who will be 75 next month, will be expected to do same, opening the way for Vatican-Budapest détente that has been in works for years? . . . Polish Catholics do it the hard way: they will continue to eat **fish on Friday,** making it two meatless days a week since meat is not sold or served in restaurants on Mondays. . . . Freedom of religion note: three Soviet women Baptists were given three-year prison sentences when discovered—teaching religion to teen-agers. . . . In Sweden, where official church is state-supported, it's now estimated that only between 3 and 5 per cent of the people attend church regularly. . . . **Swedish parliament** is seriously considering revising its law on incest to permit brothers and sisters to marry.

■ Authorities at University of Washington, worried by listlessness they saw around them, organized a panel discussion on student apathy. Twenty students turned up (out of an enrollment of 26,000).

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Wilma Marsh was a "nurse" when she was seven.

Now she's a nurse...for real...at General Motors.

There was a big difference between playing nurse and Wilma Marsh's first day as a nurse's aide at St. Joseph's Hospital in Flint, Michigan. When ordered to give a patient a bath, she fainted. Coming out of it, Wilma heard the doctor's remark, "This kid is never going to make it as a nurse."

That's when she made up her mind. *"Wilma will make it!"*

That was some 12 years ago, and Wilma has been in nursing ever since. Upon graduation from St. Joseph's she worked there for about 10 years. Now she's a full-time nurse at one of the Buick plant's 12 medical stations.

Her work is providing on-the-spot nursing service to employes with medical problems. Like all GM nurses, Wilma works under a doctor's guidance. She is well trained, capable, experienced and dedicated to her profession.

Nurses like Wilma Marsh are very *special* people at GM.

GM

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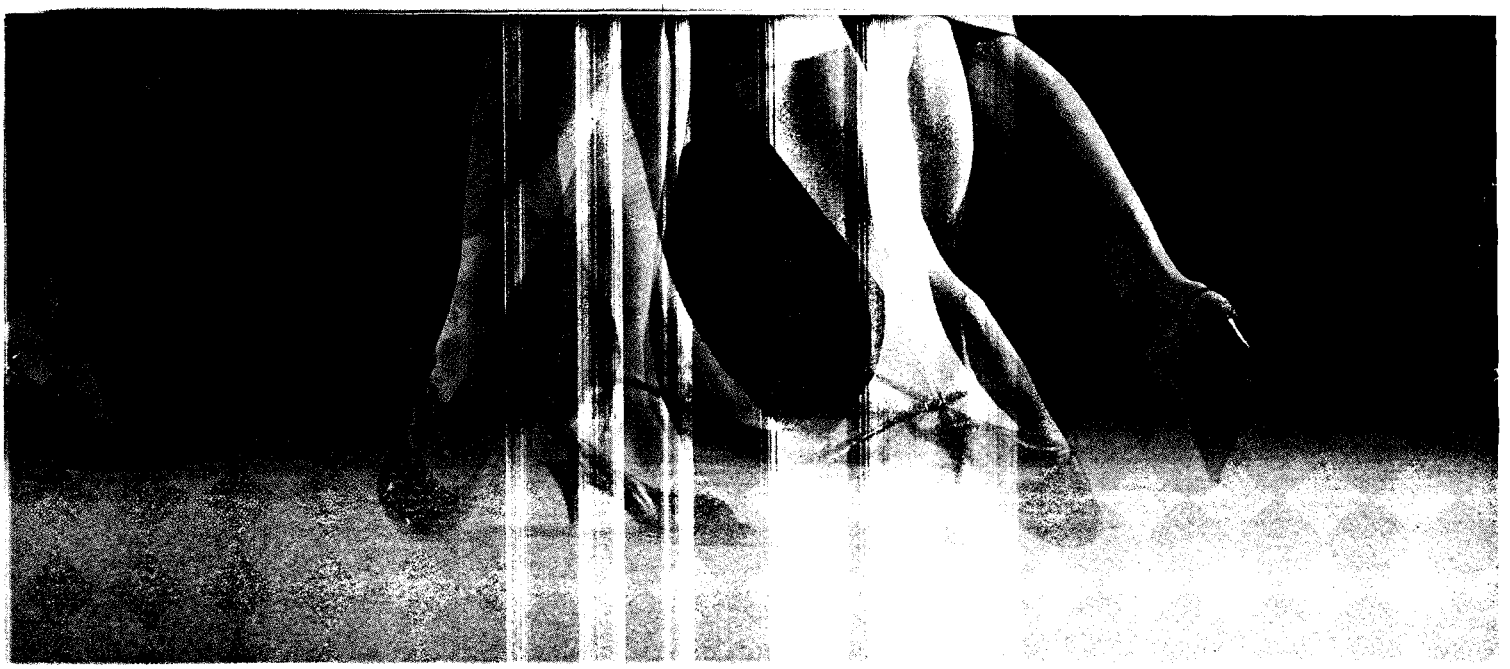
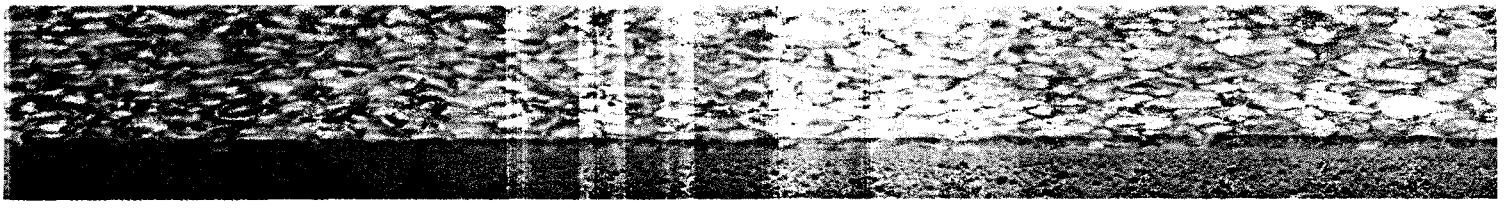
General Motors is people making better things for you



Take a test walk...



Shown, Cambrian style 80007. Cambrian cross section enlarged. Cambrian and Corlon® are trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co.

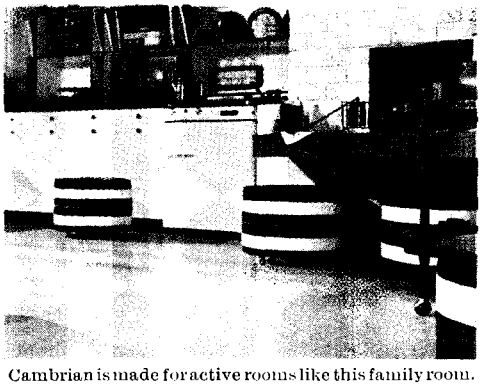
and discover the remarkable cushioned comfort of this new Armstrong vinyl floor.

You won't believe how comfortable this vinyl floor is...until you walk on it. It's new Armstrong Cambrian Vinyl Corlon, and it has a new kind of foamed vinyl cushion underneath. It's delightfully comfortable to walk on; it *gives* under your feet. Test-walk Cambrian at your Armstrong retailer's. Then you'll know.

Takes a beating—doesn't show it. For all its light-footed comfort, Cambrian is as tough as any floor Armstrong has ever made for your home. Even spike heels won't leave dents in it—it gives under your heel, then comes right back.

Smothers noise. Another virtue of Cambrian Corlon: its ability to absorb the noise of footsteps—the clatter of children at play. In addition to reducing the noise in the room itself, a floor of Cambrian Corlon dramatically reduces the noise of footsteps transmitted to a room below.

Beautiful design. New Cambrian Corlon has a warm, dappled design and comes in many beautiful colorings. It's perfect for the family room, children's bedrooms, the entrance hall, the playroom, the kitchen—all the active rooms of your home.



Cambrian is made for active rooms like this family room.

Cross section shows thick, comfortable foam base under tough vinyl wear layer. Even spike heels won't dent a handsome floor of Cambrian Vinyl Corlon!

Sealed seams for easy care. Cambrian comes in six-foot-wide rolls that install with scarcely a seam. And where there is a seam, it's sealed by the installer—spilled water can't seep in.

Warmer underfoot. Cambrian Corlon's cushion base makes this floor warmer underfoot than most other floors. And this floor can be installed anywhere in your home—even in most basement rooms, directly over concrete.

Cambrian Vinyl Corlon: comfortable, quiet, warm.

Take a test walk. Feel Cambrian's cushioned comfort for yourself at your Armstrong retailer's. He's listed in the Yellow Pages under "Floors." When you experience this new comfort underfoot and see the handsome Cambrian colorings, you'll want this floor in your new home or when you remodel.

Send for a free sample of Cambrian Corlon and a list of nearby retailers. You'll also receive a 24-page booklet of colorful decorating ideas for the active rooms in your home. Write Armstrong, 6702 Weston Road, Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17604.

The floors for the active rooms: vinyl floors by Armstrong

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